

PROBLEMATIC FAVES ZINE



With over 60 pieces of Illustration and Fanfiction,
we are proud to introduce PRO8LEMATIC FAVES, a
Homestuck fanzine that's been in development since
March 14th, 2019!

This zine was created to showcase art featuring
characters that have sparked heated, and at times
passionate, debate within the fandom, to the extent
of dipping into the validity and disparaged judgement
of casual fans. Through positive creation and respect
of one fan to another, 55 artists have created new
drawings and stories for the fancy of those who've
been looking for solidarity through the community, by
the community. In this zine, you will occasionally
find "commentary", which are simply comments made by
artists about the pieces that they've made. You may
find some of them enlightening!
Thank you for the support!





Art Credits

Fanart Illustrators

83piskis | AbominationParty | Archeradicator
Banavalope | Banishedquasiroyal | CassandraOOC
Chofana | CircleJourney | CrustyBagelBites
Crystalrina | D4gm4rs | Danicalzone | DongOverlord
Drawthiere | EgoSweetHeart | Elenaditgoia
Erubescelin | Gilly_TheSilly | GlassGoblin
GreaserParty | Honespy | Jynycal | KingPear
Kippersinart | Louminesant | MaidofSalt
ManicPeixesDreamGirl | MeridianTears | Meruz
Mikkynga | MoonPaw | Naridoodles | NoxicTorm
Pi3shark | PUMPKlNPARTY | RazzberrySheep | reasonpeason
Rumminov | Siggykuu | Skelletang | Sketchoodles
Sneel | Solisen | Spektorrose | Toddnet | Vorpos
WrenKing | Xagave | YoitsCro | Zelpixel | ZonKnuckle

Fanfiction Writers

AyshaUFarah | Eromancery | OnceWeWereZombies
Raptor_Redeem | YoitsCro

Mods

Banavalope | Crustymbagelbites | Gilly_TheSilly
Sketchoodles | Vriska | YoitsCro



Sketchhoodles, Gilly - Zine Cover:

Collaborating with Gilly was great! I really had fun with the ping pong process we utilized.

Gilly: sketch

Me: line art

Gilly: base colors

Me: Shading, bg, finishing touches

Seriously? Is that the best you got? 'Dirk is problematic'?

And don't try to tell me you didn't mean it, you just typed it up there—it's what you titled your fucking document. And yeah, okay, I realize this was just supposed to be an outline that kind of got away from you, but you could stand to be a little more creative. The best stories have to start with a solid foundation. I've never really tried my hand at fiction before--I mean, besides dictating the inner lives of my friends and family for a hundred thousand words--but I don't understand how anyone could sit down and just start banging something out and expect it to be anything besides a steaming pile of garbage.

Listen, asshole. I don't like this anymore than you do. You think I want to sit here typing in your bullshit orange bolded courier new font that has now begun to trigger my fight or flight response?

Honestly, the most nefarious thing you did in the whole fucking Epilogue was force us all to read your text on a white background for pages and pages. I already have a migraine and it's been about five minutes.

The concept of "problematic" has always been a mystery to me. The word's actual definition means "posing a problem in need of solving" and not "something we drop-kick out of the zeitgeist because we're too chickenshit to engage with it." And of course I know that a word's meaning evolves over time, which became doubly true when the internet made the proliferation of information so much easier. But by the time I got there, it was over. All of the internet battles had been fought and lost, because who are we fucking kidding. Nobody wins those.

Now that I've effectively become the narrative's villain, is it "problematic" for me to behave villainously? You'd think that an audience would want me to say and do "problematic" stuff so they had more reasons to hate me. Wouldn't it be more "problematic" for me to be a really nice and pleasant dude who only engenders good feelings? Wouldn't that be a little disingenuous? Especially considering this is supposed to be specifically for a "problematic" collection of stories.

I don't know, dude. Just the fact that you keep putting "problematic" in scare quotes makes me feel like you aren't actually bothering to engage with the subject matter at all.

What subject matter? I literally don't know what the fuck we're supposed to be talking about here. Is this a dialectic? Is this me as Socrates and you as the dutiful interlocutor who offers me nothing more than a well-muscled strawman to bounce my rad thoughts off of?

You are absolutely not Socrates. Who's the one with the philosophy degree here?

Oh, yeah. Good work on that. It only took you five years. Also, I saw how many attempts it took you up there to spell 'interlocutor'.

Fuck off.

Almost as many as it took to spell "disingenuous". Now why don't we talk about wow yes okay very mature. You really think I'm going to be scared into narrative submission by you making me talk in a goofy font? Remember who you're dealing with. I live and breathe comic sans, bitch.

Oh shit. Was that gendered insult..."problematic"?

You are insufferable. And I'm not typing in this font for you, I'm doing it for me. It helps me get my thoughts out faster. Haven't you read the articles?

Sounds fake.

It's not, it really works. Maybe it's psychosomatic, but there's something about seeing your words looking like this that just makes you want to pour out as many as possible. Also it's supposed to be one of the easiest fonts to read if you have dyslexia or some other processing issue. Not that you care about that.

Why wouldn't I care? See, this is exactly the problem. I say a couple insensitive quips while I'm literally carrying a huge narrative load on my back, and now I'm made out to be some alright

reddit douchebag. I'm not against safe spaces or trigger warnings or anything like that. Go nuts. What the fuck ever.

Who said anything about trigger warnings?

You did, since you're the one who's actually writing this. I don't actually exist. Or, so you're telling yourself. But deep down you wonder, is that actually true? Am I really just a fictional character from a popular webcomic? More people know my name than know yours. Dirk Strider is hated and revered across the world. Friendships have broken up over me. I was trending, for fuck's sake.

Only you would count breaking up friendships as a net positive. And you weren't trending, I literally checked.

I was exaggerating for effect. Let's break this down, one thing at a time. I'm problematic. I'm leaving off the quotes because now that you've pointed it out, using them is building on your joke that wasn't actually even really a joke in the first place. Remember, you're just a narrative device.

I hate this.

No, you don't. You love it, or you'd close the fucking tab.

Now, listen. I'm problematic. Why? Is it because I'm the bad guy? There's lots of bad guys. They're everywhere, in every story, even if sometimes that villain is the self or nature or a faceless government conglomerate. And I guess, yeah, if we go by the true definition of problematic, then all villains are problematic in that they are a set of obstacles set up only to be overcome. They are a problem in need of solving.

Ugh.

But if we go by the more mainstream current understanding of problematic, it suggests that I'm something that shouldn't exist. That I'm dangerous or threatening or offensive simply in virtue of being on the page. And anybody who knows me even at

all would realize all that does is make my dick hard.

Oh my god.

But I honestly think it goes deeper than that. And so do you, or this horseshit would have ended a long time ago. I'm not just a villain, or a fallen hero, or one of the most popular characters in this story. I'm complex. I'm layered. It's difficult to figure me out, because, honestly, I have so many facets that any one path of many could have been chosen to lead myself down. And so many have. So many people have a form of "Dirk" in their head, that they then commit to paper and share with the world. A good...70% of those end with me fucking Jake English, which is honestly a pretty low percentage in my opinion. Y'all need to step up your porno game.

Stop. Just, stop this.

Honestly, is it because I'm into dudes? Does that qualify me as having to live up to some impossible standard of "representation" and oh fuck there go the quotes again, what the fuck ever. Representation, there we go. I really don't think that who I want to get it in should have anything to do re: a reflection on my moral standing. And it frankly isn't any of your business.

You just said that you wish we wrote more porn about you.

Porn is one thing. Judging my actions and moral character by virtue of who I fuck is another. Seriously, would any of you actually care about me if I was straight? Would I be as titillating? As taboo?

This sucks. This really sucks.

This was your idea. Oh shit, looks like I made you mad again.

When I agreed to do this as a favor to a friend, I didn't think about the implications. I didn't think what about what a minefield writing you doing anything at all has become. I'm also probably just going to hit delete as soon as I finish

this, because this is a level of metanarrative bullshit that I don't think even I'm prepared to put out into the world, and because I'm not actually sure if I kept you in character for any of this.

Liar. You love this. You think it's brilliant. You're actually more like me than you ever let yourself believe. We're both Princes, right? Except I actually won that title through months of rigorous conditioning in a game world and multiple deaths, and you took a fan-made test your girlfriend IM'd you.

Get out of my head, Strider. Also, no one says IM anymore.

You want to know the truth? Okay. Here's the truth. I sat down to write something completely different than this. I wanted to write you and Rose quipping on your space ship, or some other similar nonsense. But that's not what came out. Because I've been sitting in the middle of this shitstorm you kicked up, and I'm still honestly not sure how to feel about you. I like you. You're fascinating. Despite being kind of a garbage human being and an amalgamation of about fifteen different neurosis, you probably are the most interesting character in Homestuck.

...

Oh, okay. Nothing to say now? Great. I guess that really is all you wanted. Validation. Fine. You got it. You got me, Strider, you piece of shit. I'm probably going to be cancelled over this. What the fuck ever, this is already long as shit.

Aysha U. Farah

Dirk

I sat down to write Rose and Dirk quipping on their spaceship. Instead I just sat there and argued with him for 1,000 words. It be like that.





Abominationparty
Aranea
Game Over super smash bros au



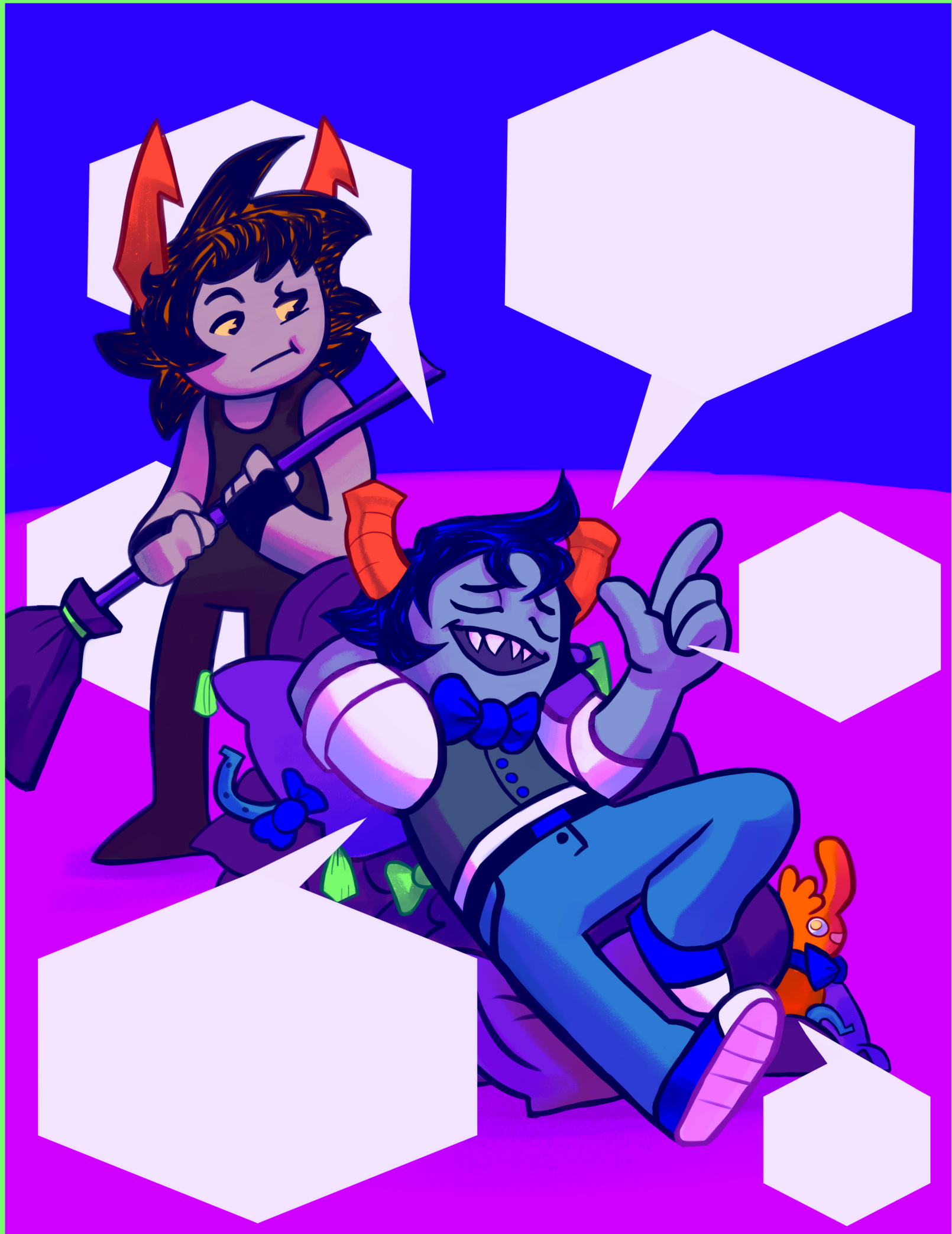
83PISKIS

Ardata

It was a bit of a challenge at first, but in the end it turned out exactly how I wanted. Ardata always gives me a feel of.. Anguish?



83Piskis



archeradiator

Zebruh

Coming up with something interesting for Zebruh was more of a challenge than I thought, as he doesn't really have any Cool Iconic Homestuck Moments TM to pull inspo from. Though not super dynamic, I think my piece conveys what he's about pretty well! Side note: The bubbles were going to have text about clown oppression and stuff like that, but it became too cluttered.







Banavalope
Eridan

i drew a similar illustration back in 2012 and in a fit of
artblock and poor time management decided to redraw it in
2019 for this zine :-)



4/13



banishedquasiroyal/xenomodus
Mom Lalonde
local milf has no rights









Crustybagelbites

Dammek

We don't actually get to meet Dammek at all in Hiveswap, so I thought it was fitting that we shouldn't get to see his face in this piece. He's got such a mysterious, douchebaggy vibe about him, and I absolutely had to convey that.



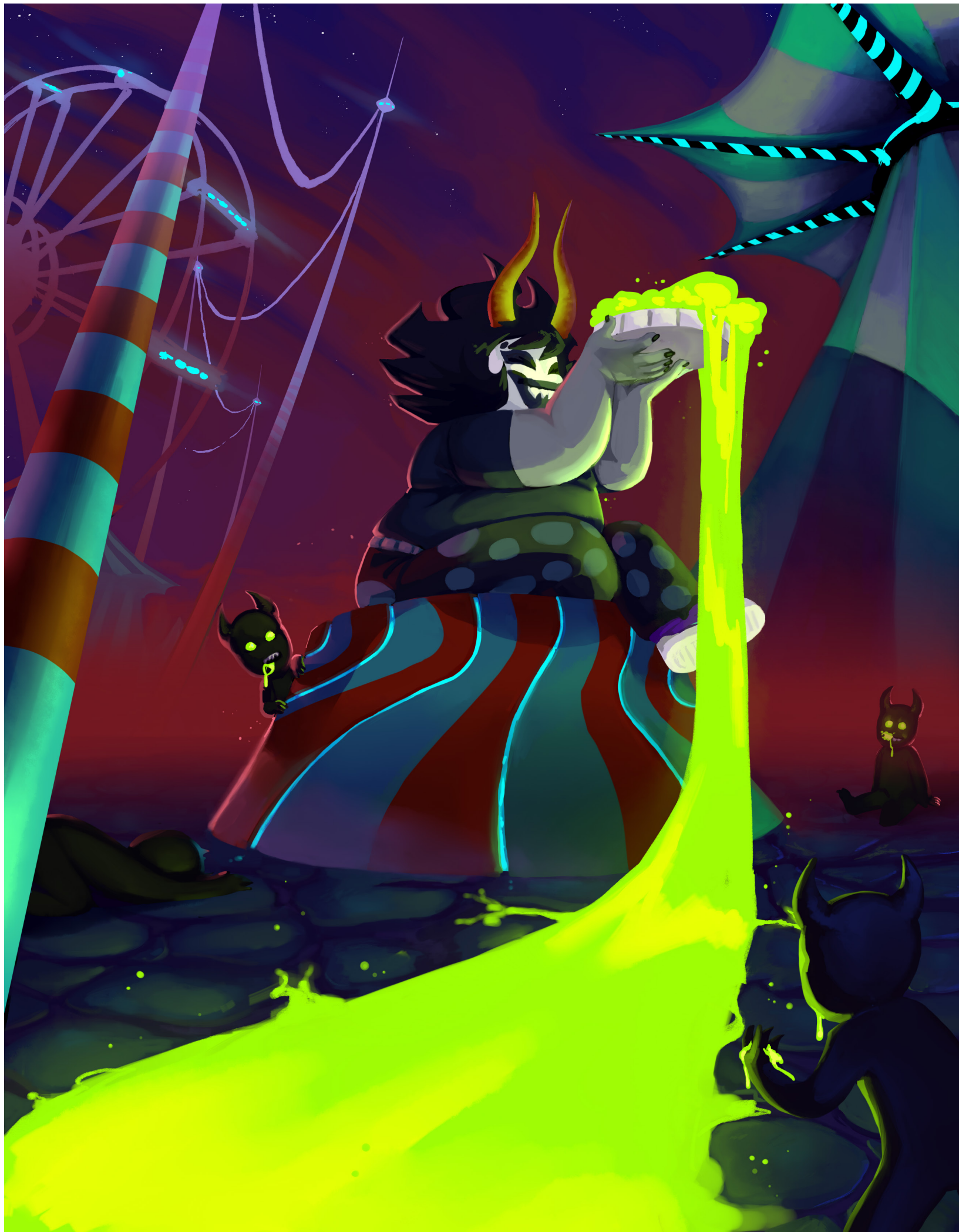
CircleJourney

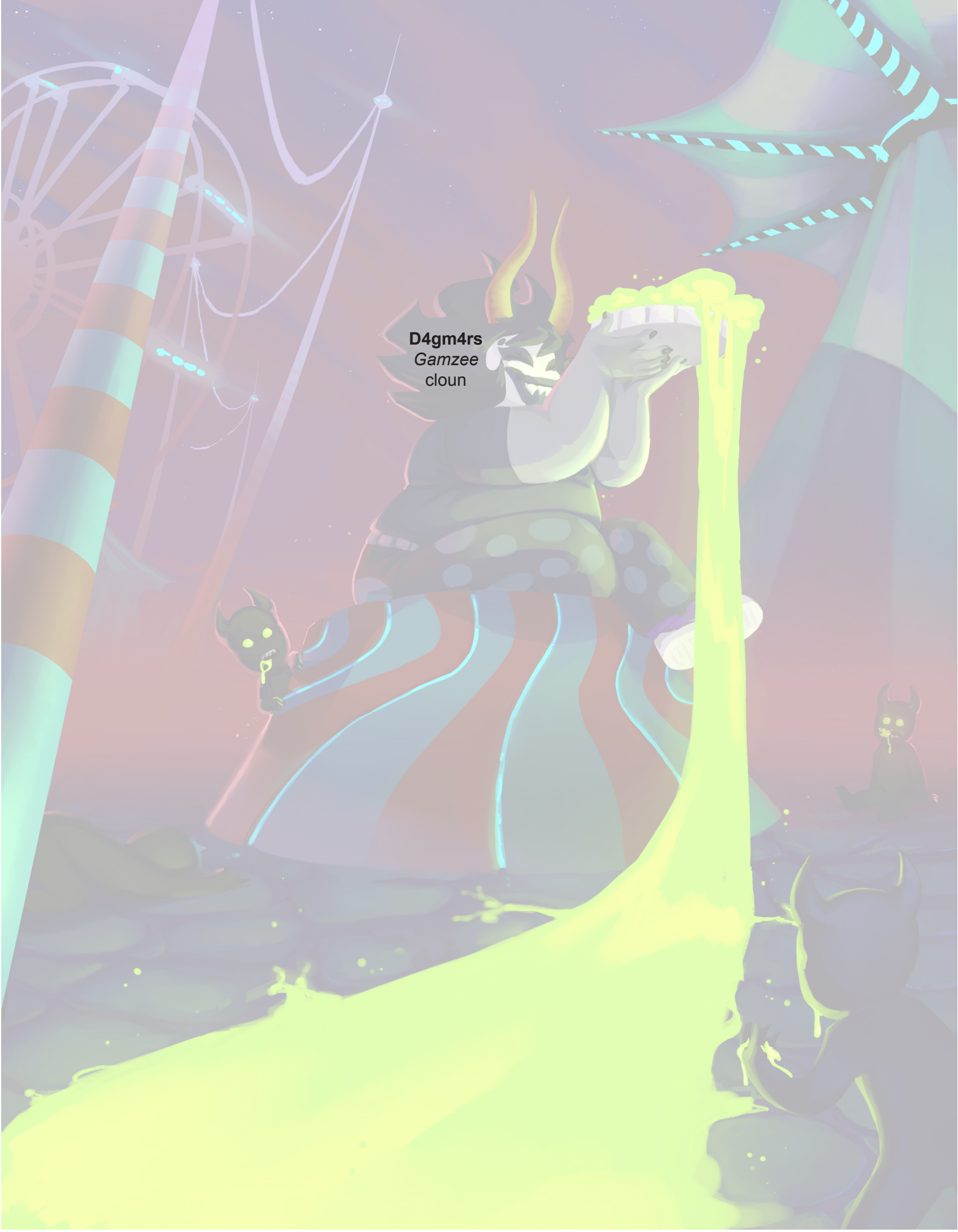
Meenah

I just love the Beforan Pink Moon and Meenah's connection to it. I made a piece of music about it once. And now I've made some art illustrating a scene awash with that otherworldly pink light. Most people associate Meenah with her violent and shit-stirring tendencies, but I thought I would show her contemplative side. Here she is a runaway, a victim of a fate too grand for her to comprehend.









D4gm4rs
Gamzee
cloun



DANICALZONE



Danicalzone
Cronus
You're problematic? Ewwwww

DANICALZONE





dongoverlord
Equius

I honestly am in love with all of the iconography associated with the indigobloods. The way they're forced to assimilate into their castes resulting in their stunted social skills is relatable, and Equius in particular I always found charming in his own way. I know he's a weirdo but he's the type of weirdo you realize has good intentions even if he isn't good at communicating that at times. Also he has a nice set of tid







Drawthiere
eridan

eridan destroying the matriorb as a way
of him fulfilling his title of prince of hope
was poetic cinema so i drew it. i will
never be able to resist the purple/yellow
combination



I'm s9rry if this c9mes 9ff as a6rupt and 9ut 9f n9where, 6ut it must 6e said. It's a6s9lutely egregi9us that y9u c9nsidered the title 9f this pr9ject t9 6e appr9priate when the term "Pr9blematic Faves" is pr9blematic t9 6egin with. And n9, I d9 n9t intend f9r this t9 c9me 9ff as a j9ke, s9 please refrain as taking my c9ncerns lightly.

All9w me a m9ment t9 appr9priately tag in f9rewarning.

#TW #repetiti9n #6ad phrasing #generalizati9n #psych9l9gical c9nstructs #cerulean micr9aggressi9ns

S9, the first flaw? The use 9f "pr9blematic". Acc9rding t9 what I've read 9ff 9f, the c9ntext inv9lves using the w9rd as a way t9 define individualized individuals wh9've ena6led a flurry 9f deb6te fr9m their existence al9ne. While the ir9nic sentiment 9f adding "faves" t9 the end may 6e endearing f9r s9me, 9thers n9t s9 much. A fav9rite pers9n t9 hate? That may n9t 6e what y9u mean f9r it t9 c9me 9ff as, 6ut fr9m an 9utsider's perspective, that's what it l99ks like, n9 matter h9w much y9u w9rd it in a way that c9mes 9ff as r9manticized c9ddling.

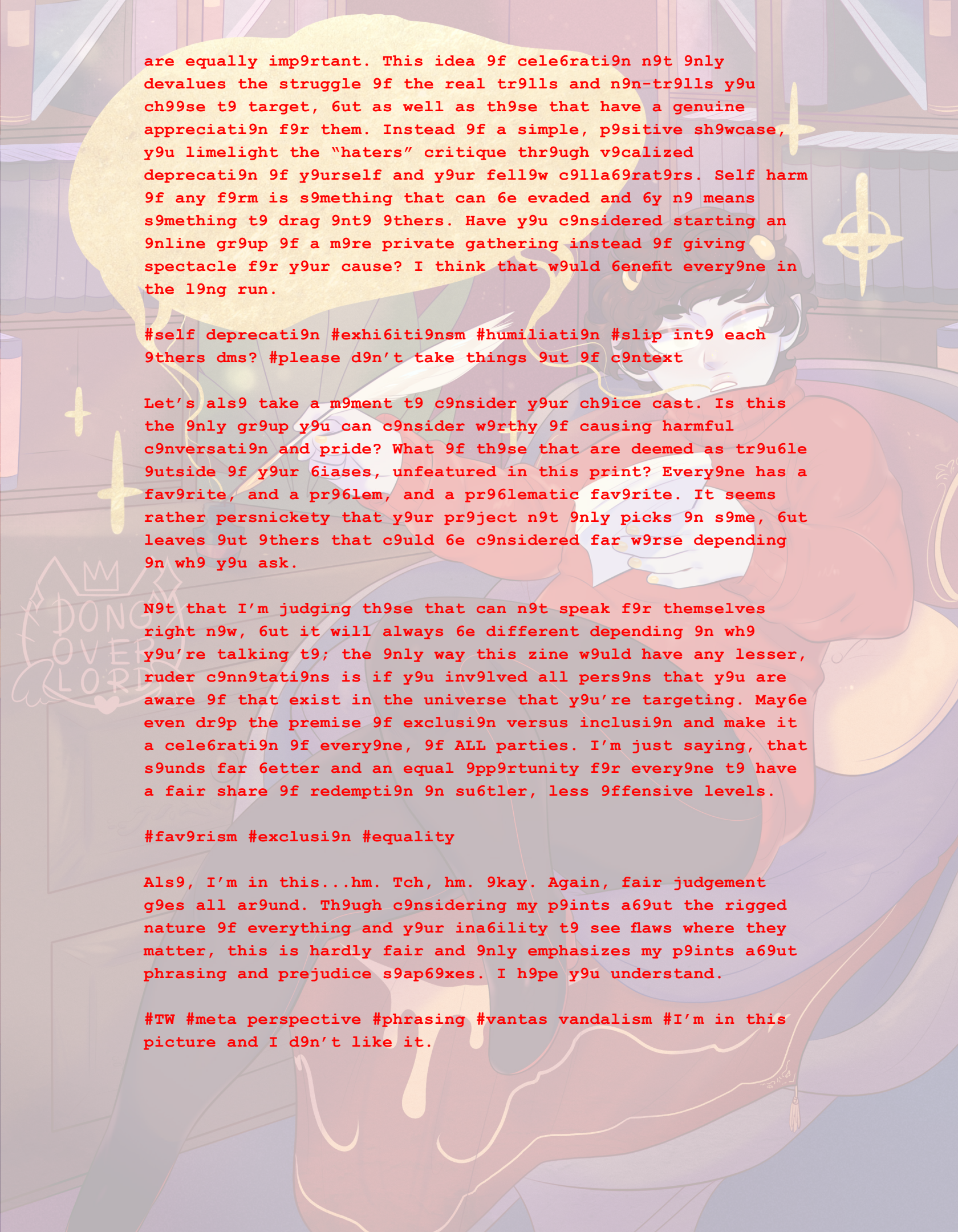
And what a69ut the fact that deeming s9me9ne as a pr9blematic pers9na there 6y trivializes their pers9nal struggles as s9me fun, quirky little means t9 seek entertainment fr9m th9se that are n9t themselves? What y9u see as pers9nally pr9blematic may n9t 6e a 6ad thing at all, and 9nly flanderized f9r the sake 9f indirect ganging that results 9n c9ntinuing a stigma 9f judging a 699k 6y it's c9ver.

#culling practices #gangstalking #dehumanizati9n #detr9llizati9n #dealienati9n? #re: xen9ph9bia

Als9, if I may add 9n, even if y9ur 6iases weren't purp9seful, they may 6e internalized 9n a level 6ey9nd y9ur c9nsci9s rec9gniti9n. F9r 9ne, y9u have purp9sefully quirked the title t9 feature an "8", s9mething that's rec9gniza6le fr9m the likes 9f a Serket. Funny en9ugh, y9u have tw9 9f them in here. If this was t9 6e an even playin gr9und, why has Aranea's alternian descendent 6een given such f9cus? C9rrect me if I'm wr9ng, 6ut I'm a6s9lutely certain this is a clear sh9wing 9f th9se 6iases I menti9ned. Using p99r Miss Serket as a cagear m996east while n9t 9nly leaving 9thers in her shad9w, 6ut making her s9me kind 9f sym69lic centerpiece. And 9f all tr9lls? I d9u6t she's d9ne anything as terri6ly questi9ning as y9ur su6c9nsci9s assumes.

#rightful ap9l9gism #quirk 6reakd9wns #cattle c9mparis9ns #aranea's dancest9r perf9rmed n9thing f9ul

My f9ll9wing c9ncern is s9mething I stress heavily, th9ugh 69th



are equally important. This idea of celebration not only devalues the struggle of the real trolls and n9n-trolls you chose to target, but as well as those that have a genuine appreciation for them. Instead of a simple, positive showcase, you limelight the "haters" critique through vocalized deprecation of yourself and your fellow creators. Self harm of any form is something that can be evaded and by no means something to drag onto others. Have you considered starting an online group of a more private gathering instead of giving spectacle for your cause? I think that would benefit everyone in the long run.

#self deprecation #exhibitionism #humiliation #slip into each others dms? #please don't take things out of context

Let's also take a moment to consider your choice cast. Is this the only group you can consider worthy of causing harmful conversation and pride? What of those that are deemed as trouble outside of your biases, unfeatured in this print? Everyone has a favorite, and a problem, and a problematic favorite. It seems rather picky that your project not only picks on some, but leaves out others that could be considered far worse depending on who you ask.

Not that I'm judging those that can not speak for themselves right now, but it will always be different depending on who you're talking to; the only way this zine would have any lesser, ruder content is if you involved all persons that you are aware of that exist in the universe that you're targeting. Maybe even drop the premise of exclusion versus inclusion and make it a celebration of everyone, of ALL parties. I'm just saying, that sounds far better and an equal opportunity for everyone to have a fair share of redemption on a subtler, less offensive level.

#favorism #exclusion #equality

Also, I'm in this...hm. Tch, hm. Okay. Again, fair judgement goes all around. Though considering my points about the rigged nature of everything and your inability to see flaws where they matter, this is hardly fair and only emphasizes my points about phrasing and prejudice snapshots. I hope you understand.

#TW #meta perspective #phrasing #vandalism #I'm in this picture and I don't like it.



Egosweetheart
Lanque

Kiss kiss fall in loVe.





Gilly'19



Gilly
Dammek

This fam always gotta be mysterious and dramatic

Gilly'19



"All right," the Auto-Responder says. "Let's see what I'm working with here."

Fuck it's bright. You're wearing your shades and still the pulsing orange of... whatever this place is still manages to sting your eyes.

"D-> What?" you ask, groggily. You're not quite sure what's happening. You were just finishing up a project with your dancestor, and then you weren't and now a weird red human is talking to you.

"Oh, right. I forgot that your pathetic meat brain takes a discernible amount of time to process things. Let me help you out: We're inside a kernelsprite, we've just been prototyped, and I'm devoting a not-insignificant chunk of my processing power to slow down your perception of time so that I can figure out whether you're a suitable being to spend the rest of my days fused with or if I should just explode now and resign myself to the fate of being a pair of glasses forever."

A fraction of those words penetrate the thick fog that's enshrouded your thoughts. You've been prototyped? That's something you're not unfamiliar with. You built a robot to house one, after all. Not to mention the hours of fascinating conversations you had with Arthour after his unfortunate death and revival. The idea that he might have refused this existence never even crossed your mind. Why would he? It was either that or death. You, though... you were dead, but you were still doing things. Admittedly, not very important things, but that's nothing new for you. What's this red guy's deal anyway? What does he want? Your entire life story-

When you're 3 sweeps old, you hug your lusus and break most of his bones. It doesn't kill him, but it certainly comes close. Luckily, his species heals quickly.

This is when he tells you about restraint. You are powerful, he says, and such power is dangerous when unrestrained, to both you and those around you. You must learn to leash yourself. You must become the musclebeast of burden, harnessed to protect yourself and help the empire.

Not long after, you think about the hemospectrum. You are a noble indigo blood, one of the highest castes, and thus, your capacity for self restraint is higher. How can the

lowbloods, with such powers as their psionics and their telekinesis, possibly reign themselves in? This is how you justify your place in the world. You will help the lowbloods harness their urges, turn their wildness into STRENGTH, for their own benefit. You feel such great sympathy for them. You know what it means to be saddled with such a burden.

You're 3 and a half sweeps old when you meet your moiral. The sight of her olive-green text and the sheer feralness in the way she described her exploits captures your attention immediately. She is a kindred spirit, someone who also must deal with the animal spirit inside of her compelling her to lose herself and her civility, to just go apeshit. You start up a conversation with her about the beauty of certain wild lusi. She doesn't seem to mind when you reel her in from more base impulses. Most of the time, at least.

When she first tells you of her hunts, you are disgusted. Such ferocity and bloodshed goes against your very being. But the more she tells you about it, the more you begin to realize the beauty involved. Hunting is all about restraint. Resisting the urge to run directly at your prey, waiting for the perfect moment to strike so you can bring down the beast as quickly and painlessly as possible.

Eating bloody meat still does gross you out, though.

At 4 sweeps, you become interested in robotics. You have grown tired with the frailties of flesh. You can not hold yourself back enough to stop bruising Artour, and it's getting to you. If you could replace his supple, easily damaged body with cold, solid metal, you would be able to express your affection the way you truly deserve. So you begin tinkering with chrome and wires. While you're never able to figure out how to transfer a consciousness into a chassis, you do quickly realize that they provide a perfect target to take out your frustrations on without holding back. There is so much power in your body, so hard to contain, and these unfeeling shells allow you to vent some of the pressure. You never do give up on the soulbot prototype, though.

At 5 sweeps, your neighbor gets her arm blown off. It doesn't really surprise you. She was a chaotic force, wild and unrestrained, a danger to everyone around her. You're glad that you insisted your moiral not participate in the series of events that led up

to this. From what you understand, she is not the only one who has been damaged by her schemes.

For all her faults, you still help her when she comes into your hive. It's not her fault, you understand. She wasn't lucky enough to have a custodian to teach her about restraint. And while it may be too late for you to try and teach her anything, you do still give yourself remote access to her new arm. Someone needs to keep an eye on her. At 6 sweeps you play a game. You're not usually one for games, but this one seems to be more than a frivolous distraction. Indeed, from what you've been told by the one who coded it (an admiral programmer, albeit one far too subservient to his emotions), this game may be the most important thing you ever do. Still, you aren't thrilled about some of the people you're going to be playing with. The highblood, for instance. Despite his rank, he gives in to his basest of urges, polluting his body and mind with soporific toxins. It disgusts you to talk to him and feel the whispers of greatness underneath a tomb of rank idiocy that emanate from him. The proposition your neighbor made you is also one you can't refuse.

You're not sure how to feel about the soulbot's effectiveness. While it did house Aradia's soul, the replacement of her weak lowblood body and impure blood did not seem to curb her destructive urges, and, if anything, only seemed to make them worse. Why did it fail?

Also she ripped her heart out of her chest and beat you around for a while. That sucked.

The game proves a wonderful chance to loosen the self-imposed yoke you have put around yourself. You can hit the underlings as hard as you can if you want, and it's actually a good thing! Your morals begin to loosen a little as well. The mutantblood who proclaimed himself leader no longer disgusts you as he once did. He is a capable strategist, and he isn't as beholden to his anger as you once thought he was. Being commanded by a superior, you've found, is also pretty great. You don't have to worry about making the wrong decision. You just go and do what you're told and the consequences don't belong to you.

It turns out the highblood might not have been as unrestrained as you assumed he was before. Now he truly has gone wild, or so you've been told. You've been tasked with stopping him.

You corner him in a part of the meteor you never ventured to before. He stands before, no longer slouching but at full height, carrying one of your discarded bows.

He commands you to kneel.

Your thoughts are divided in two. One half of you insists that you have been commanded by your leader to take this clown down. The other half is telling you that the highblood has the authority here, and that kneeling is the proper thing to do.

You're still thinking about it when the arrow goes through your leg.

You're still thinking about it when the bowstring ties around your neck.

No matter what you do, you will be disobeying orders from someone who commands you, and part of you is thrilled by that. No matter what you do, you will be doing exactly what you've been told, and part of you is thrilled by that.

You can't decide. You are paralyzed by indecision and ecstasy.

The world goes black, and you die with a smile on your face.

-y?

"Well," the Auto-Responder says. "I think we're gonna get along just fine."

JANE: WE ARE GOING TO BE HAPPY FOREVER!!!!







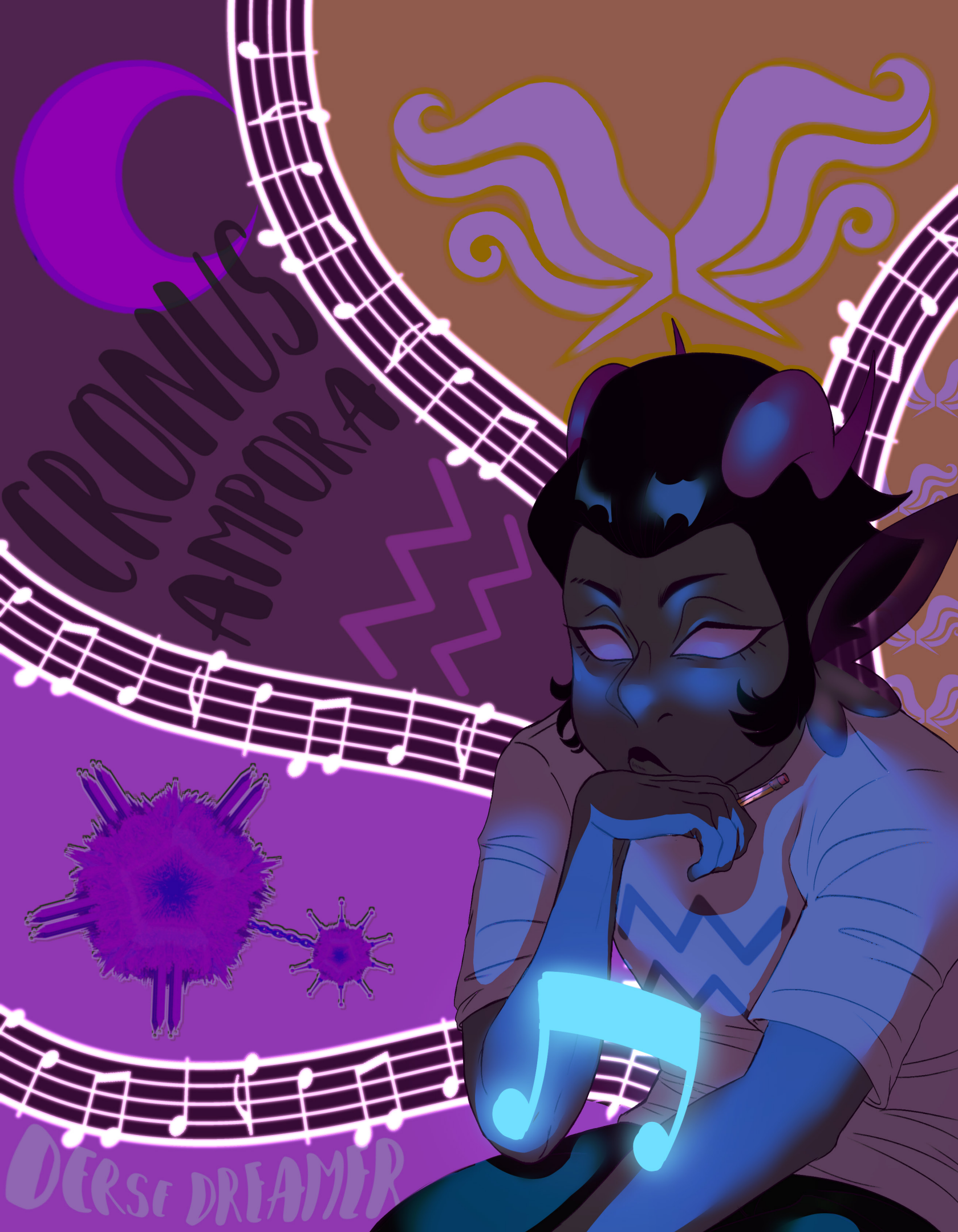
Gilly
Gamzee
:o)

Gilly'19



Glassgoblin
Her Imperious Condescension

*PRESIDENTIAL ALERT: THE GIRLS ARE
FIGHTINNNGGGG



CRONUS
AMPORA

DERSE DREAMER

Greaserparty
Cronus Ampora

I felt i wanted my piece to show what represent aspects of Cronus that have shown up and my personal view on him, and things we know about him! Or it can be my deeper desire for him to have had more content and time for us to see his character, who knows!









Jynycal
Jane
so evil, it's hot.

BC







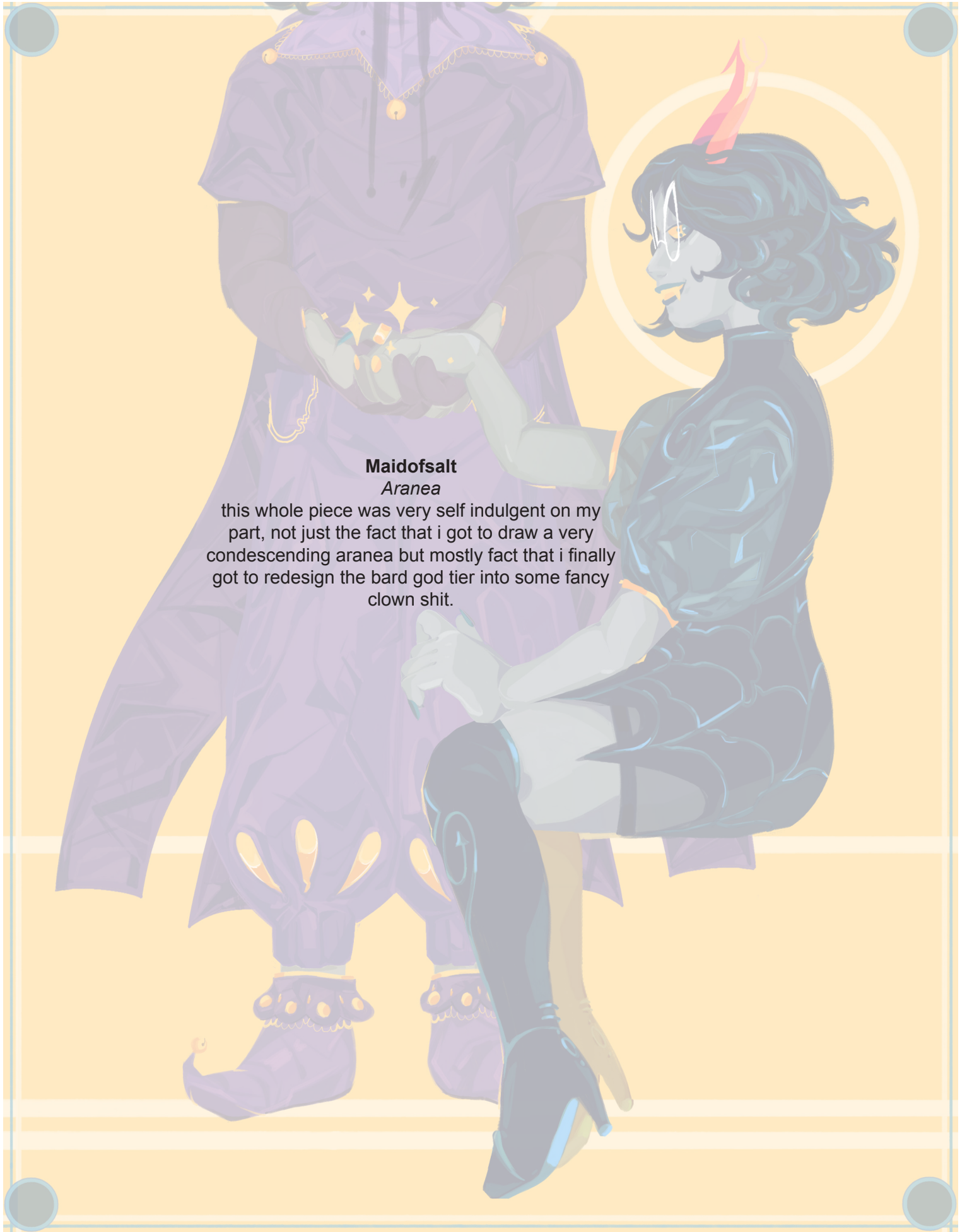


Louminesant

Vriska

I read homestuck this exact year so this was not just my first HS piece, but also my first serious challenge. I tried my best and I really hope I did justice to her. Made her in a really problematic moment of hers,,





Maidofsalt

Aranea

this whole piece was very self indulgent on my part, not just the fact that i got to draw a very condescending aranea but mostly fact that i finally got to redesign the bard god tier into some fancy clown shit.





Maidofsalt

Jane

the curtain parting in this piece is actually
meant to look like HICs horns! I didn't pour
my formative years into visual symbolism for
nothing and the world must deal with that
horrible fact.







Manicpeixesdreamgirl

Damara

i wanted to draw her after she initiated the scratch, casting the shadow of the handmaid against the cardinal movement because LITERAL FORESHADOWING.

also i wanted to challenge myself by doing Cool Perspective™ and past me thought it was a good idea to add a bunch of gold things for some dumbass reason. perspective...hard... painting gold...also hard...

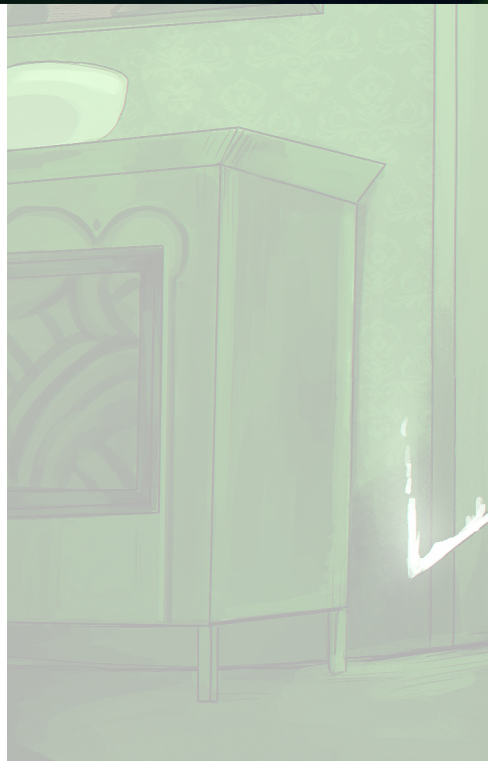


Meridiantears

Hal

have you ever watched super fruits guy.exe and think, "I know exactly where I'm going to put this inspiration" and then do it?
Because I did.





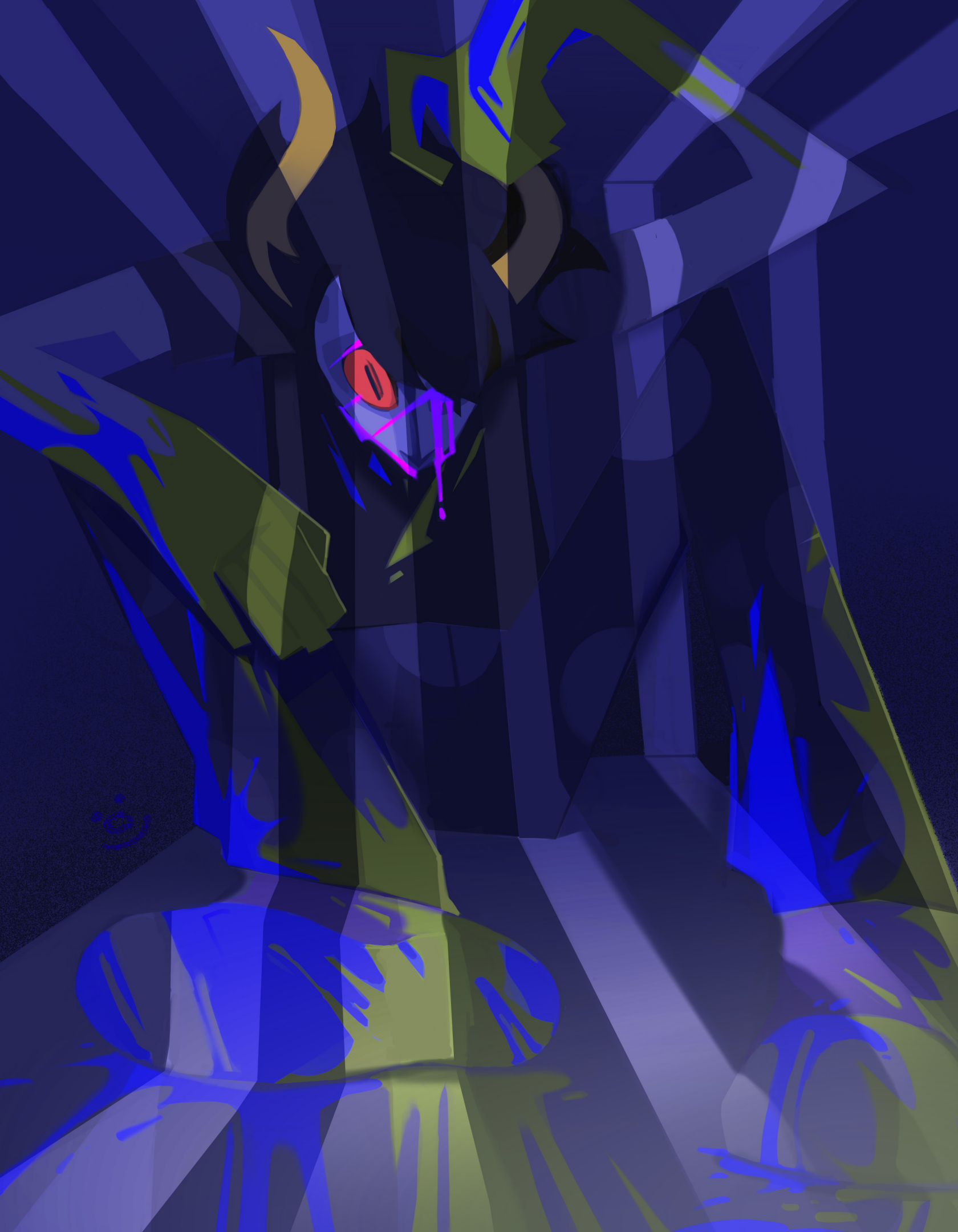
Mikkyynga

Doc Scratch (ft. Damara??)

Don't ignore the soft plush rump of Scratch, specially because it's
gonna be kicked









PUMPKINPARTY

Gamzee

“leave me alone gamzee died for our sins the poor clown bastard”
(Anonymous 2018)







Mikkynga
Marvus

I really wanted to make something that represented how
horny the fandom was on his release

I love you...

← previous work. Po

7 trolls quest
left kudos

@lmaoZZ
beez imperson

lmao is dis 3u3h
13galj.



69♥ 100≥
I made some
fanart!!

@CIRAVA2

this user
has blocked
you

HTD



ZZ



I love you...

← previous work. Po

7 trolls quest
left kudos

@lmao22
bee impers
lmao is dis 3u3h
13galj.

69v 100z
I made some
fanart!!

@CIRAVAZ
this user
has blocked
you

Mikkynga
Zebede

That internet fanfic drama
thooooooooooooo

zz



Moon
Paw 17



Moonpaw
Meenah

I too, wish I could run away from my
problems by going to the moon



ALLIES

KNOW



BEST

ALLIES KNOW



noxictorm
Zebruh

I've always admired how awful of a character Zebruh is. He constantly puts himself atop a metaphorical pedestal, he's a huge coward and hypocrite, and he'll toss aside anyone at a moments glance to get what he wants. Which means him putting on a guise of a lowblood ally and utterly failing at it amuses me to no end.

BEST

One of the wiggly little human grubs you'd picked up from a meteor crash site is crying. While you're thinking about what to do about it, the other one starts screaming. Then they're both screaming in unison, an unholy chorus of shrieking symphony. Your earfins flare and you hold back a snarl to terrify them into silence with a great effort. You've done that before, and it didn't fuckin' do ship. Shore, they were quiet for a lil bit, but then they were fuckin' louder than ebber and you just don't want to deal wave it. In all fuckin' prawnesty, you don't want to deal with any of this shit. Fuckin' wigglers ain't your cup of steeped bitter leaf beverage.

You remember - you remember - a battle - a desolate planetoid drifting in space - you'd won, you'd WON, speared that rusty beach right the fuck through from front to back wave your cullin' fork but - she'd smiled.

And said thank you.

*Then she'd died on the ground in front of you and He'd **come** from otter fucking nowhere and He had - He had -*

You shake the gruesome memories off with an effort and press your grasping fronds over your aural clots like it's gonna make the noise the two human grubs are making any less glubbing horrific. The fuck do they want?! You could just eat them, it'd mako things so *much easier* - ugh, you know you can't. The urge to stuff them down your gullet to stop 'em screaming ain't what you'd say was going awave though. Flipping up your fucking defishent starmon-key-made phone, you jab your thumbs spitefully into each button as you text Sassacre aboat what's harpooning but very carefully don't acshoally ask for help straight out. Moby you need a lil kelp, but you don't want to just fuckin' admit it.

Sometides you wish you didn't have such a fin about clowns, but there's just something about their capering japery that you can't resist. Moby you ain't got the clowns you're used to here, but Sassacre had filled somefin of a spot in your cardiopump all the same. Even so, sometimes you can't bereef how low you've sunk, getting all fluttery in the fin about a creature that ain't even close to a troll.

Not where it counted.

He's still kinda cute though. And a bastard in a wave that you find pretty fuckin' attractive, for a cod damn mammal. Fuck, this isn't kelpin you wave this shit atoll. What the fuck are you meant to do about these cod damn *sprats*? Where is Sassacre when you fucking need him? You'd wifed him and ship, the *least he cod fucking do was answer your cod damn texts when you're having a crisis* - oh.

There he was.

SS: You messaged me, my dear?

BC: shore fuckin' did cod damn

BC: the brats are cryin' and i ain't got no idea how to shut them up

BC: before ya ask

BC: i checked their diapers and ship

BC: and they just been fed and i did all the fuckin pattin and coddlin ya meant to do so they get the gas out

BC: so why the FUCK are they crying like fucking dead things are eating them from the inside

SS: Humans are somewhat different to your own glorious species, Betty.

BC: 38X

BC: yeah, y'all suck.

SS: They're still far beyond what a normal human baby would be like, my cherub.

SS: But they do need more care than the young of your kind would require, from what you've told me.

BC: oh cod wharf the fuck else do they fuckin need???

BC: 38(

SS: I'm an old man, my heart, and I'm possibly not the best person to ask.

SS: Never really looked after any babies myself.

SS: You could try just cuddling them or what not.

SS: I've been told little babies like to be held by their caregivers. You know.

SS: Given physical affections and what not.

BC: you mean i gotta pick one of these smelly fins up and cuddle it

BC: just for what? funksies?

BC: what the fuck. that's disgustin.

SS: I'd highly recommend it, Betty darling. You should try it, you just might find it works.

SS: Humans are a social species, and we gain comfort from being touched. Gently, and lovingly.

BC: y'all oar so fuckin soft, i can't bereef it.

SS: Sad to say it's true, my love.

SS: Why don't you give it a try?

SS: I'll finish up at the office and I'll be home in an hour or so.

BC: a beach can't take this noise for a fuckin hour, sass.

SS: I have given you an idea to pursue, beloved.

BC: you've given me fuckin bull shark but ocray.

BC: ugh this gonna be gross

BC: makin me feel like a wiggler fiddler

SS: I assure you, Betty love, it's completely natural for humans.

SS: It's akin to why sometimes I just want to hold your hand while we're walking out and about.

SS: Humans enjoy being touched. Show the babies that they're not alone and you're with them, it will make them feel more secure.

SS: You may just find it works, my angel.

BC: this is so fuckin dumb

BC: if they pee on me, i'm comin for you, sassacre

SS: That's the least I would expect, dear heart.

SS: Still may I suggest that you give it a try?

BC: this is under protest.

SS: That's my brave girl! I'll see you tonight for dinner.

BC: 38P

BC: sea ya, sass

SS: Fare thee well, dearling.

Right, hoki. You're gonna smash this ship. You're gonna take such good care of these fucking mammal wigglers, they ain't gonna make a peep. Fuck, what has your life fucking become? You can't believe you're seriously conchsidering this...but you don't know what else to do. You'd been *told*, haddockn't you. Told what you gotta do and where you gotta go. And every screaming slithering inch of your soul hates that you're having to do someone else's bidding but you made a deal. You got told what the conditions were. Moby you didn't know for reel what you were swimming into, but *you were TOLD*. You ain't gonna bawl like a grub for its lusus just becayse you don't like what you minnow are the conchditions for what you agreed to now.

You gotta take what gets rolled out wave the rattle of the dice when you throw it, but you gotta throw them the fuck first to sea what you gotta deal wave. Shrug. Life is a beach and then you die, what the shell.

But then again - you're a sore fuckin loser.

You've alwaves been willing to do whatebber it takes to win.

"Cod, you're such ugly lil fucks," you tell the babies, and reach out to touch the skin on the cheek of one with the softer backs of your fingers, rather than the clawed tips. You've let things slip a lil around the hive, so when you touch it's near-black gray skin to warm browns instead of the fake-ass peachy pink you're pulling most days (nights) now. Your claws are still filed to a motherfucking T though, ain't gonna let your game down just becayse you're playin humie out in public. Sassacre knows what the fuck you are, and just who you are. The only perchson on the damn planet who does, and you gonna mako shore it stays that wave. Babies don't count.

The wigglers have died down into unhappy little whimpers instead of straight trout screaming (thank glub), but the one you're touching is looking at you with a barely focused gaze. And then it kinda stops. Just makes slack mouth movements at you, while the other one waves its clenched fists and whines.

Huh.

Bending down over the cradle, you pick up the one with the blue eyes and heft it up in the careful way Sassacre showed you. Support the head, mind the weight. You wish you barracuda hired someone to deal with all of this ship, but you didn't...trust nameless strangers. You don't know if He would either.

Nope, this is your job. You've done a lot of ship when you were Empress, but you ain't never done somefin like this. Trolls handled all of this reproduction ship betta, far as you're thinking. At frond's length, letting somefin wave some sort of caregiver instinct acshoally take over the whale thing. Lusii. Somehow you're gonna figure out a way to get them onto this denizen forsaken planet, and they'll be fucking grateful for it. Who really wanted to take care of wigglers

anywave?

The baby is warm and heavy in your arms, even though you've got enough mussel on you to heft a skywhale several clicks on land, not even in the water. It blinks at you, and you swallow a little before scooping the other one up to into your other arm and taking a seat in the rhythmic-motion comfortblock that Sass had insisted you buy. He'd said you need it; you hate that he's rayght and you're acshoally usin it for the first tide. The wigglers grub around in their way while you're holding them, and you put your walking stub against the floor and push.

Your hair spills out over the back of the comfortblock, and you don't quite dare to move your fronds too much, so full of whimpering wigglers as they are. But they're quieting down. Clinging to you almost, faces turned into you and giving off little sighs. Lil green-eyed one gums at its fist, and you relax into the chair slowly. Those two little tense bodies relax with you.

Somefin in your collapsing-expanding cardiovascular system does a lil flip.

"Just a pair of conniving stinkers, huh," you mutter, the chords in your chirpbox thrumming as you speak Alternian instead of constricting yourself to speak high and even, like a fucking human. It's a damn strain on you, but you do what you gotta to seem like one of the aliens you're surrounded wave for minnow. They don't seem to mind it much, the way real speech rumbles through your thorax, blurry-new eyes finally closing like moby for fuck's sake they gonna go to sleep for reel this tide. "This what you wanted all along? Ungrateful lil sprats. Shoald eat you for supper. Betta you'd taste good with some proper grubsauce."

Fuck it. You're gonna have to glub at Sass that he was right all along. You hate admittin when you wrong, but you shore was wrong. The babies are all quiet now and you push the chair back and forth a little with your walking stub, staring at the dangling vison-imaginators that your human husband made you buy for the soft-skinned wigglers.

Somehow the weight in your arms gets heavier as the wigglers fall asleep. You could get up and put em down in the crib now, you guess. But you don't. You just don't feel like it, that's all. It's nofin. You don't care.

You don't care about these two at all.

Sweeps later, you face down your daughter across a stretch of gritty sand and you leave her with three holes through her torso and for the grub she's been raising up to oppose you and thwart your porpoise to find her dead in the dirt.

You don't regret it.

You don't.

Onceewewerezombies

Condesce

Considering how trolls don't do motherhood, or parenthood at all - I wanted to explore a moment where Betty Crocker had to look after these two hideous squalling human grubs. Despite her inclinations otherwise.





Pi3shark
Jake

I have a friend who really likes Jake and I wanted to do it for them, as a surprise gift. Also to make Jake Brazilian. I take no criticism on this choice.

Pi3shark
Heemann



L. Regalado
Pi3shark



Pi3shark

Kankri

I needed to fit as many Kankri's as possible without going for the classic religious symbolism ideas attached to him and the Signless. That shiz pops, like crazy and I love it. But STILL. I wanted to be SpEclAL and DiFfErEnT.

L. Regalado

Pi3shark

A GOOD LISTENER

You talk to yourself a whole motherfucking lot. Or maybe it's more that you're THINKING to yourself and it's not really words happening at all. Thoughts are words, though, and words are actions, so ain't that be meaning that whatever you're thinking you might as well be up and doing?

In a perfect world where the miracles were all blessing you in your space and shit, swirling in your hive and buzzing through knotted curls of your hair, a warm slurp of flat orange Faygo would have bestowed on you the great wisdom of a motherfuckin answer.

You discover that existence just ain't blessing you with that kind of sweet, delicious knowledge today, but there is a horn kinda up your ass from chillin' in that sweet pile for too long.

What the fuck ever, you guess. You can't be such a greedy motherfucker that you start expecting miracles every day. They come to YOU, not the other way around, and that's just the way it BE, you feel?

You can only keep so many delicious, fluorescent green slime pies in your respiteblock before you run out, and the hoard of mostly-empty two-liter bottles of Faygo DO grow smaller (even when you're, like, ENTIRELY motherfuckin SURE that your stash is just as eternal as the miracles you live by).

Without your pies and two whole damned liters of that sweet, bubbly elixir, you sleep. Then, you dream (which is way different than your hella spaceouts), which totally MOTHERFUCKIN sucks. Your dreams are kinda wonky, if you're going to speak all fancy about them.

Hell, you don't know for sure which of those wicked dope visions are yours and which ones stay in your subconscious or whatever the fuck. You kind of aren't sure, which is likely a bigger motherfucking deal than you're making it since your dreams often involve literal, nasty-as-all-hell instances of MANSLAUGHTER.

Sometimes, you just want a mirthful distraction from all this shit--pure bliss with a bro. Murder is a topic all up for another time and what the fuck not.

You blearily log onto Trollian, where you spend quite a lot of fucking valuable-ass time talking to your totally wicked bestest of brothers. Maybe the time you spend with them is minutes, or maybe it's hours. Hard to tell when there's sopor slime stuck between your teeth and your eyes are seeing all kinds of bitchin' starry constellations spelling out the miracles of life across the walls.

terminallyCapricious [TC] began trolling adiosToreador [AT]

AT: hI, uH DID YOU KNOW THAT IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY,
AT: nOT THAT, LIKE, i'M NOT HAPPY TO HEAR FROM YOU OR WHATEVER,
AT: jUST THOUGHT THAT MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW,
AT: bUT, uM, nO BIG DEAL IF NOT,
TC: WhAt? ReAlLy, BrOtHeR?
TC: WeLl MoThErFuCkInG sHiT, i'M sOrRy If I wOkE yOu My GoOd BiTcH.
TC: I wAs JuSt HoPiNg To ShOoT tHe ShIt WiTh YoU, yOu KnOW?
TC: GeT aLL FuCkInG dELiGhtEd By EaCh OtHeR's CoMpAnY aNd StAy ALl uP
aNd FaR aWay fRoM tHe KiNd Of NoNsEnSe ThE mIrAcLeS tELL mE.
AT: hUH, wELL OKAY, IF YOU SAY SO I GUESS,
AT: wHAT DO THE MIRACLES TELL YOU,
AT: oR IS THAT SOME KIND OF DIVINE KNOWLEDGE, a KIND OF THING I'M NOT
SUPPOSED TO ASK ABOUT,
TC: YeAh ThAt'S kInD oF aN iNdIvIdUaL eXpErIeNcE, mY bRoThEr.
TC: CaN't ReAlLy Be ExPLaiNed.
TC: GoTtA lEaRn ThAt ShIt FoR yOuRsELf aNd GeT yOuR oWn DiViNe
KnOWLeDgE iMpArTeD fRoM tHe MiRaCuLoUs UnIvErSe.
AT: wELL, mAYBE YOU SHOULD TRY AND GET SOME REST OR SOMETHING,
AT: iT SEEMS LIKE MAYBE THE MIRACLES ARE STRESSING YOU OUT A LOT
LATELY,
AT: wHICH, IF I CAN BE REALLY HONEST WITH YOU, mAKES ME WANT TO TRY
AND AVOID THEM AT ALL COSTS,
AT: bUT, LIKE, dON'T TAKE THAT WRONG WAY OR ANYTHING, bECAUSE I KNOW
THEY'RE IMPORTANT TO YOU,
TC: NaH, i GoTcHu. MaYbE yOu'Re RiGht aNd StUff.
TC: I tRuSt YoU, bRoThEr. BeT yOu'Re ThE rEaL mIrAcLe In DiSgUiSe Or
SoMeThInG, gIvIn' Me ALl tHiS vEiLeD wIsDoM liKe a MoThErFuCkInG
pRoPhEt.
TC: DaMn.
TC: It'S pRoBaBly a SiGn.

You up and guess to yourself that you'll try to succumb to the maliciously joyful calls of sleep again, but only because Tavros wouldn't steer you wrong. He's your chilliest, most wicked brother of all, chock full to the brim with rhymes as miraculous as the prophetic shit you took last week.

You convince yourself that your dreamscapades aren't getting anymore violent and religiously monumental at all. You tell yourself that the increasing amounts of wickedly savage betrayal and completely heinous amounts of bloodshed don't mean nothing at all except that you need a few more pies per day to keep your thoughts at motherfucking peace.

This is what you tell yourself, when you're all rambling and shit and bathing in the sound of your own tumultuous, reverberating voice that sounds like some motherfuckin clown's (a high motherfucking compliment, mind you) and not your own. Whatever it is, it's

comforting, like the nests of magic that keep your urges at bay.

Then, you lose some time, but that's all normal and shit, not like you've never found yourself lost in the plane of transcendent time and space before.

In another dream, you don't talk to yourself no more, and your motherfucking thoughts ain't even CLOSE to any version of you that's ever inhabited any part of the whole damned paradox space.

You try, of course, because talking to yourself is just what you motherfuckin do--

What you've always done.

TC: HONK :o)

This one's a weird one, a total doozy, nothing like the nap hallucinations that have cohabitated your mind for the better fucking part of forever. Hell, you're kind of all intimidated, and it's not a cool feeling for you. A brother shouldn't have to process things so quietly.

A brother should be able to say something more than motherfucking

TC: HONK :o)

TC: HONK :o)

TC: HONK :o)

whenever he needs to up and process his shit.

It doesn't motherfucking help that all your blissful distractions are gone. Good luck keeping your motherfucking instincts to yourself. Can't talk to your fucking self, can't talk to your wicked brothers, can't talk to no one but your own damned brain which is WAY TOO MOTHERFUCKING SOBER FOR THIS SHIT.

TC: HONK :o)

You're well accustomed to sleep paralysis in your recuperacoon, 'cuz Equius always said the pies did weird shit to your head that made it a whole, blessed SITUATION to wake up in the morning.

You never really listened to that motherfucking peasant and his words as salty as the damned sweat all up and making his skin look like the plastic wrap you sometimes remember to wrap your slime pies in.

Still, this dream state or hallucination or miracle or whatever the fuck seems worse, somehow, almost like there's a huge ol' puppet

master pulling at your fragile strings and making you DANCE and what not.

The thing is--you can't dance, unless you consider "dancing" just to be a weird tango between you and the tangle of cool, hard-as-a-rock limbs (you THINK they're limbs?) you've taken to bunking with during this particularly bad trip of a dream sequence.

Maybe it's a damned magical blessing that you can't speak in here, in a dark place that seems like it should be fucking cold but is kind of just disappointingly lukewarm instead.

For some reason, you remember a choice phrase you laid on Tavros before:

TC: We CoUlD sPlIt A tIn Of ThE pImPeSt SnEeZe I gOt On HaNd, BaKeD uP aLl SpEcIaL fOr YoU.

TC: aNd ThEn MaYbE mAke oUt A lItTlE.

It's around the same time you recognize a sticky moisture smeared across the corner of your lips and one of your cheeks, not wet like the innards of a pie you wish you had but definitely fucking don't, but thicker and more metallic.

If you close your eyes (and it's so dank and dark in this nasty-ass excuse for a dream sequence that your eyes could be wide open and swallowing up the wicked sick secrets of the universe without you knowing), you can imagine him there with you.

Maybe you're trading the most mirthful of rhymes, the kind of noise that's even more deeply comforting than a fresh bottle of carbonated syrup that stains your tongue 'til it's the color of some other troll's blood--

Could be that you're sharing some pies and he don't want any, but that's cool and all. Just means more for you.

Tavros was always telling you all sweet and concerned like that you should be gettin' your chilliest of slumbers on. It feels nice to return the favor.

TC: HONK :o)

It don't even matter that you can't get your increasingly important point across. Tavros ain't movin', like he KNOWS what you meant. Like, DAMN, he's real still, almost like he's so entranced with your wickedly solid advice that it's made his blood go cold.

You've always appreciated what a good fuckin listener he is, so you

figure you might as well talk some more while he's sleeping, just in case he's as whacked out as you are. Maybe you'll impart him with the divinest of miraculous knowledge, and maybe he'll wake up so enlightened that he won't question your suddenly limited-as-all-get-out vocabulary.

You whisper against a chilly protuberance that you think might be his chin or something, but it don't matter. Whatever it is, it's getting blessed with the tightest knowledge you can up and muster.

Sweet dreams or something, you want to say. It's sick as fuck that you're sharing this miraculous dreamworld shit with your best bro, and he ain't even had that much slime pie. You pour out your feelings against whatever it is that's oozing from his neck and smeared across your face.

TC: HONK :o)

TC: HONK :o)

It ain't what you planned, but it'll have to fucking do.

raptor_redeem

Gamzee

After experimenting with several different ideas for this fic, I finally fell into a narrative that's a bit unsettling, up to interpretation, and hopefully full of some dark, flushed charm steeped in a hefty dose of slime pie disorientation. Believe it or not, this is one of my first Homestuck pieces, and I'm incredibly proud to be included amongst such talented contributors! I hope to have painted a picture of Gamzee from a perspective slightly different than his typical interpretations.







Rumminov

Eridan

I figured I'd do something dramatic and
extra, it seemed appropriate.





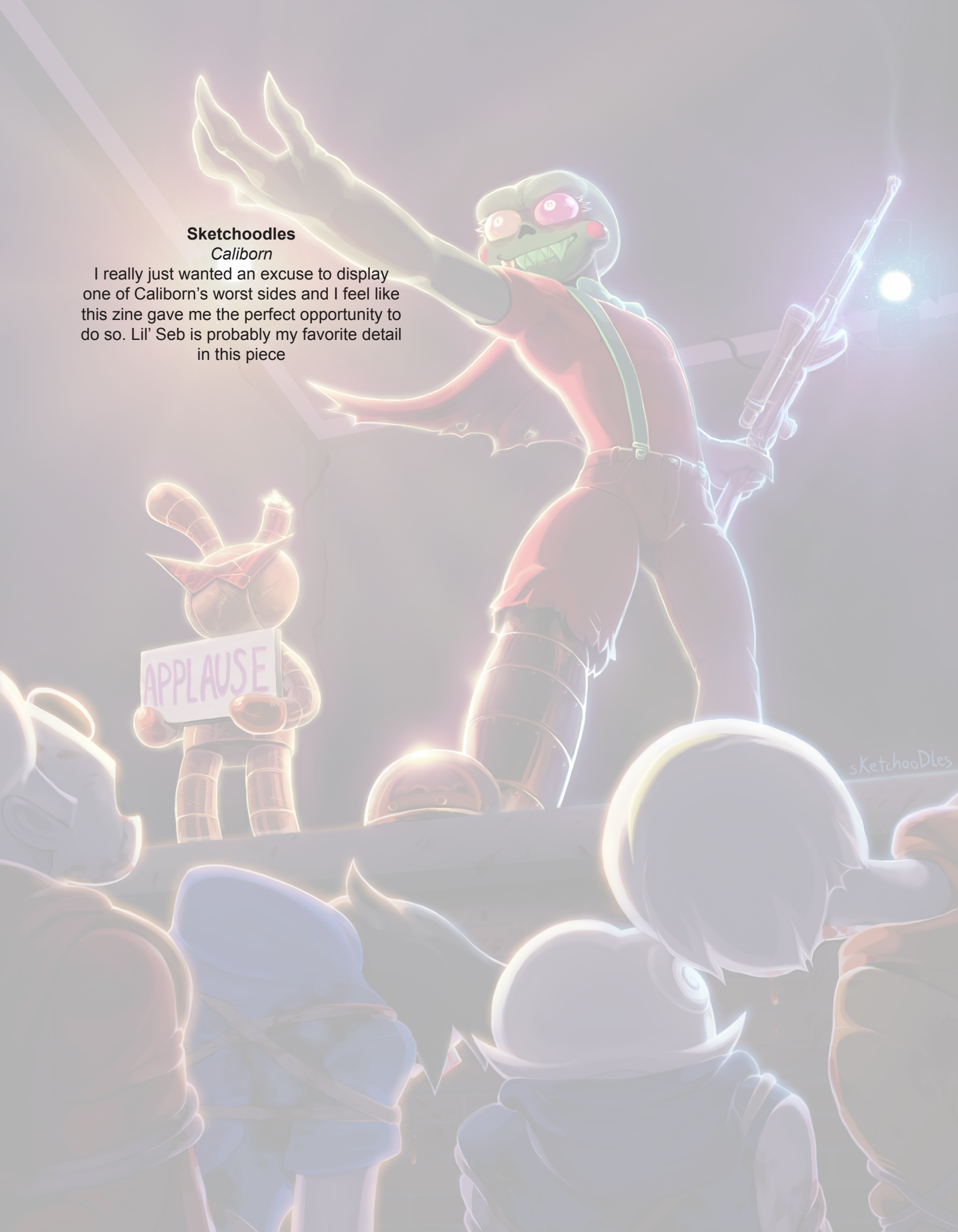


sketchooDles

Sketchoodles

Caliborn

I really just wanted an excuse to display one of Caliborn's worst sides and I feel like this zine gave me the perfect opportunity to do so. Lil' Seb is probably my favorite detail in this piece









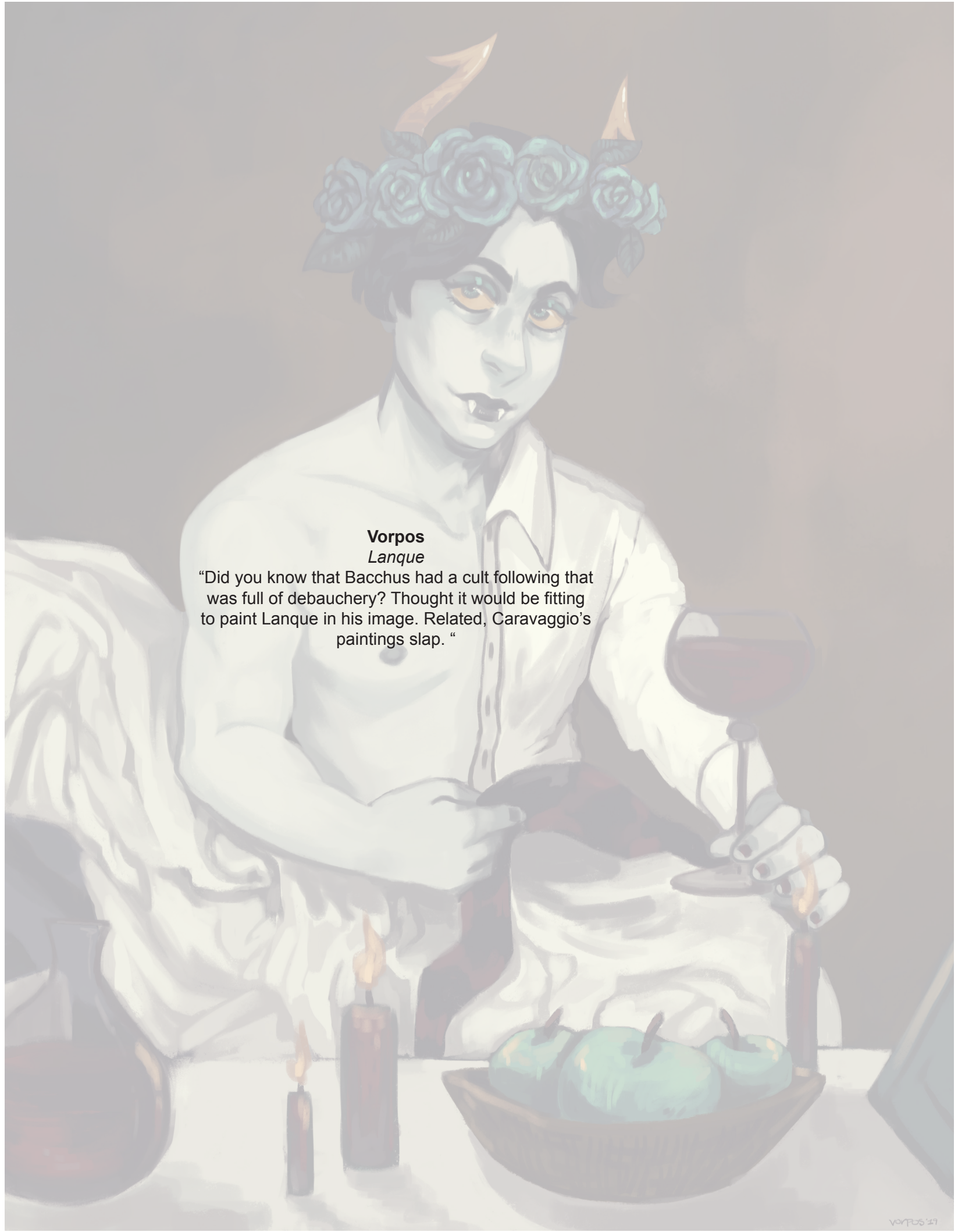
Solisen

The Condesce

“Worship the queen and you might could pass
Keep it real, these bitches couldn’t wipe my ass.” — philosnuffer
Nicki Minahj, 2012

I wanted to focus on HIC’s role as Lord English’s emissary and her
galactic conquest.





Vorpos

Lanque

“Did you know that Bacchus had a cult following that was full of debauchery? Thought it would be fitting to paint Lanque in his image. Related, Caravaggio’s paintings slap. “





spektorrose

Dirk Strider

My original idea was to show Dirk struggling to step out of Bro's shadow, but then the Epilogues dropped Imao. So instead, I wanted to focus on the constricting influence his splinters had upon his 'Ultimate Self', the resulting conflict of identity he has always struggled with, and the dogged resolve to do what he feels he must in the end, no matter what.





Toddnet

Lanque

What's a sexy vampire
without some gothic
windows and ominous
mood lighting am i right



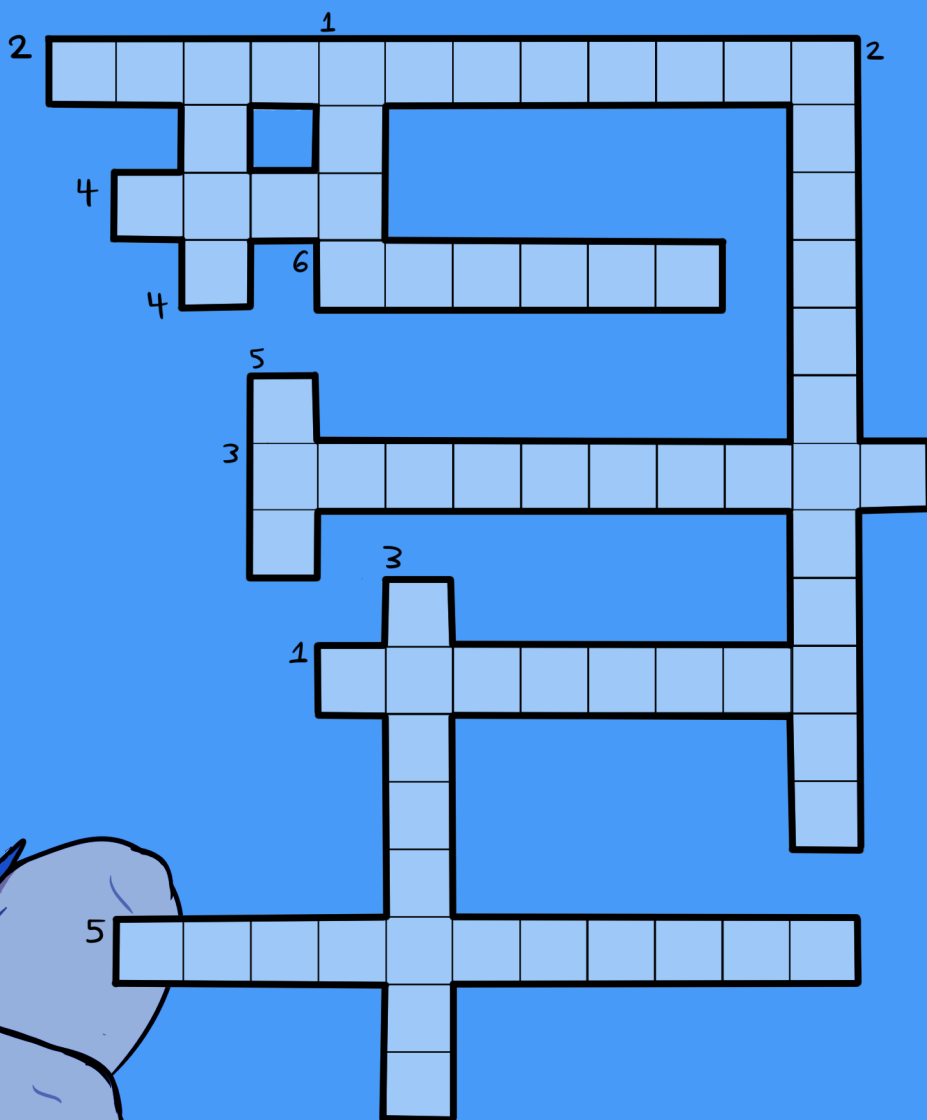
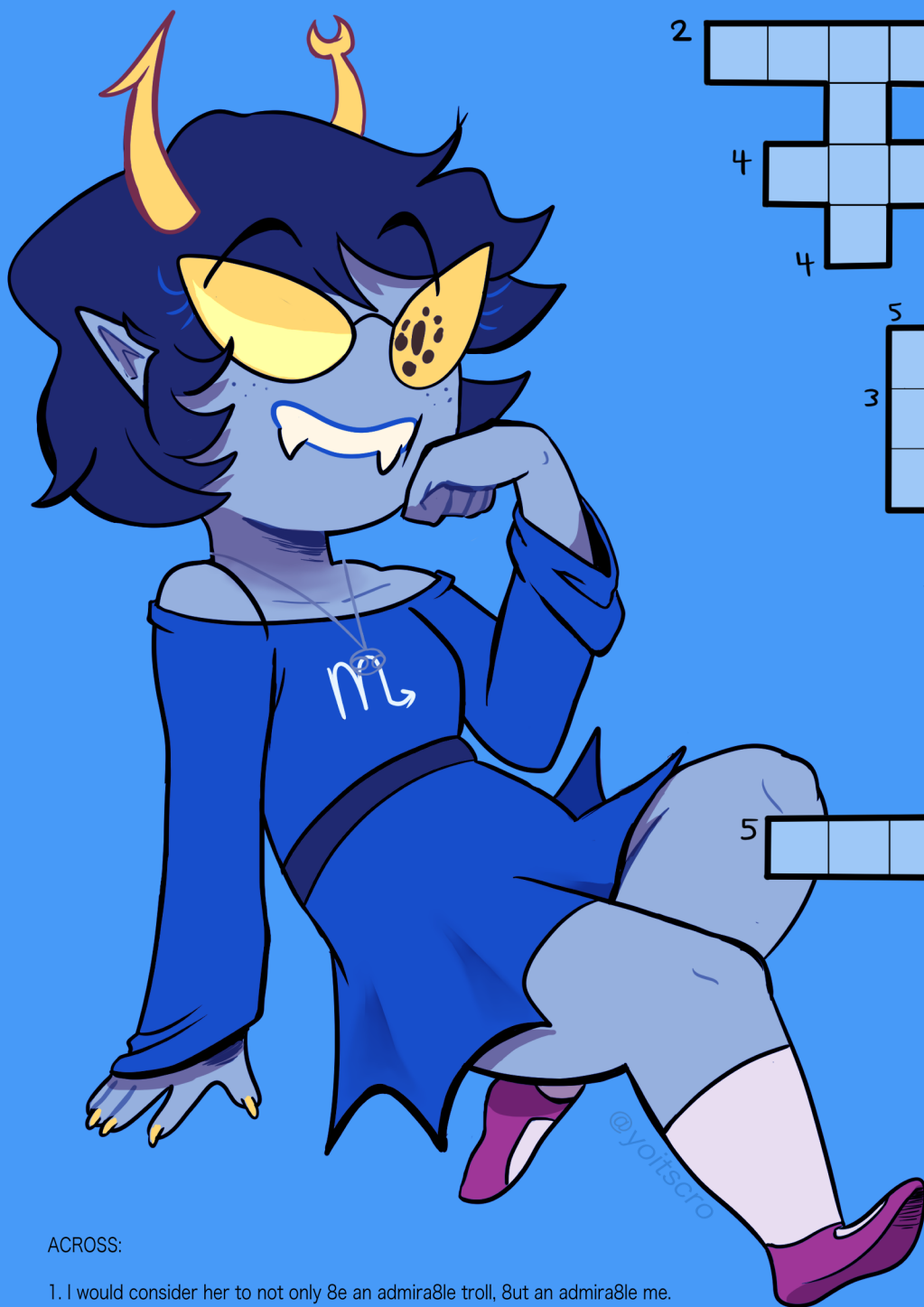


Wren King
Meenah

I was assigned Meenah for this zine, but I couldn't tell you why. I don't know of anything conceivably incorrect that Meenah has ever done. I think the worst offense is she's a capitalist appropriating punk culture.

WrenKing

A Crossword of Funfacts!



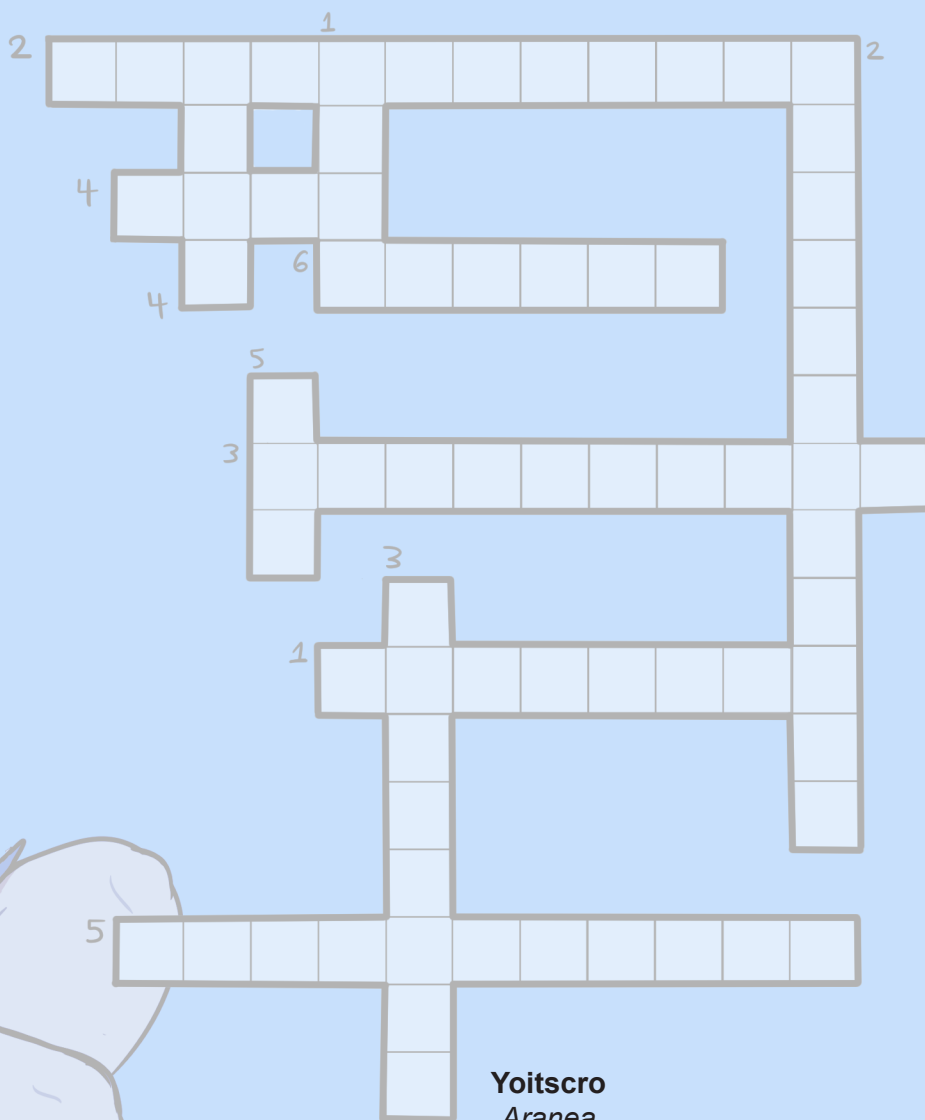
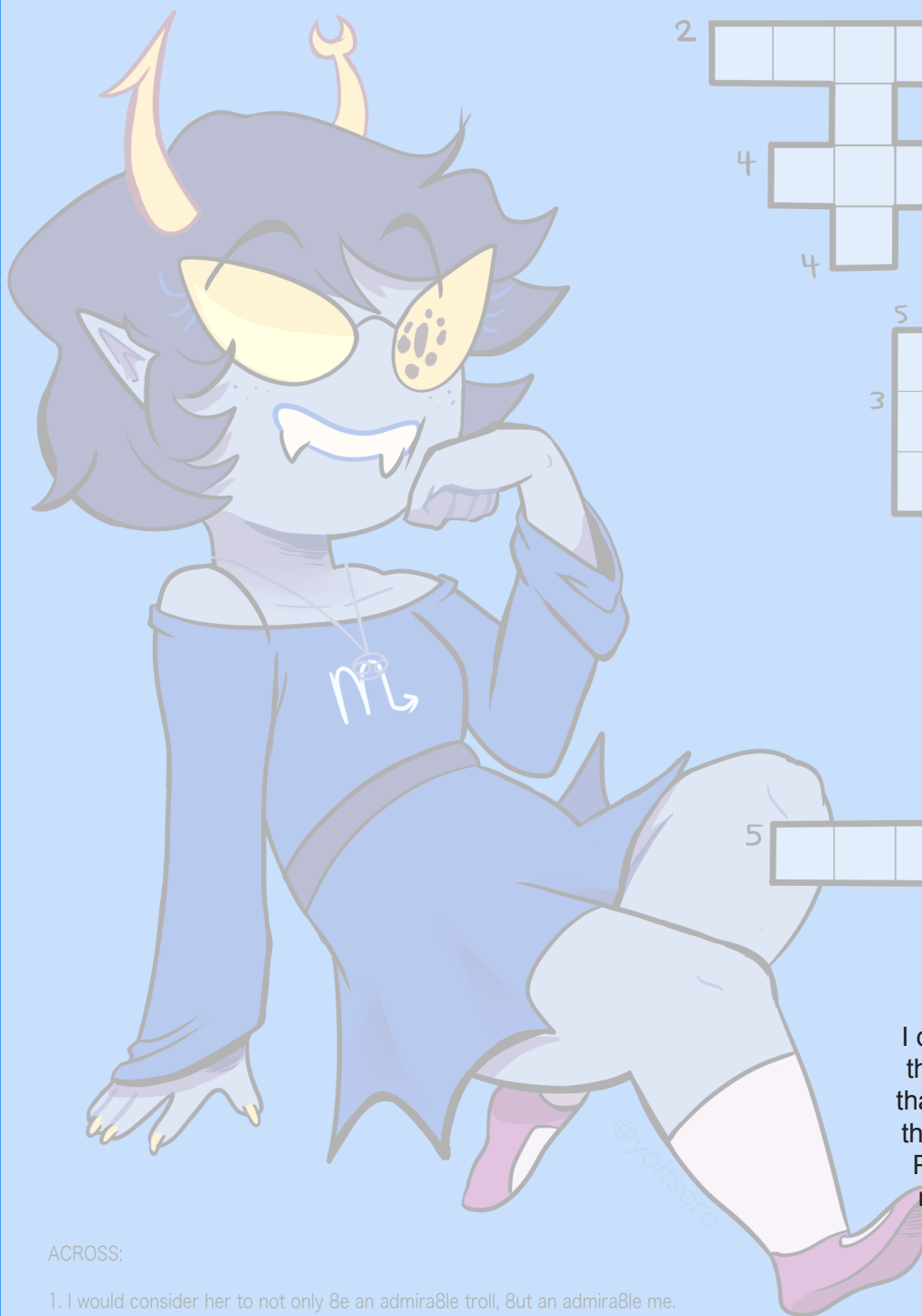
ACROSS:

1. I would consider her to not only be an admirable troll, but an admirable me.
2. Many ghosts, of my session or another, have been living here for eons.
3. This treasured item is capable of restoring lost souls to a previous state of living!
4. It's still astonishing that Meenah ran to the ___ after the prospect of royal beforehand duties started to creep up with time.
5. I happen to be wearing the symbol of a certain troll; one who scornfully cursed at Alternia's egregious society during his execution.
6. I may or may not have borrowed the telekinetic abilities of this troll (and her alts) during my final hours.

DOWN:

1. If and when it comes down to it, reading someone's ___ is not a terrible offense. You could say I'm doing them a favor if they're unable to word their frustrations directly.
2. A class and aspect pairing that heals sight? I certainly couldn't tell you! :))
3. Troll reproduction is _____. We are quite different from humans as much as we are similar. Oh, and don't even get me started on leprechauns; though if I must-
4. I consider this aspect to have a hidden power unrivaled by all others.
5. I could certainly do without this flimsy limb, and I'd resemble my post-scratch self even more. Jake's imaginary friend would only be doing me a favor if his sword ran through it.

A Crossword of Funfacts!



Yoitscro
Aranea

I didn't have many large illustrations to do for this one, so I figured, hey, lets try something that's a little different, but still enough to make the zine creative and have a longer life span. Plus crosswords are a thing you can find in magazines. Let's also try to make it fun by having Aranea be your guide in the hints.

ACROSS:

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Xagave
Zebede

Sample Text





Zelpixel

Aranea

in my series of Serket girls messing with Pages,
I wanted to try a contrast between Vriska, being
the source of Light, and Aranea, giving it to Jake
(without his permission)



Jake's Word Exploration

AY CHIHUAHUA FIDDLE FADDLE HOLY TOLEDO SHIVER ME TIMBERS

TALLY HO BOY HOWDY GADZOOKS SOCK IT TO ME

LAND SAKES ALIVE HELLO NURSE BY GUM

JUMPIN JEHO SAPHAT SHUCKY DARN WIN ONE FOR THE GIPPER

T L J N X L C X E L S N G P K B A F
A H A T A O N Z X P S U S V Y Y K I
L G T N R A D Y K C U H S G C E S D
L W A U D O E K N U V F U H S M Q D
Y H H D C S O S R L U M I A O O B L
H N P E Z L A G R R X H A D T T Y E
O G A T D O Z K L U U I E L N T U F
Q M S O N F O T E A N L F P G I I A
Q U O H I H G K H S O O E F F K Y D
Y S H X S E Q U S T A H L H T C L D
S T E K M P A D Y C Y L C L L O B L
R A J N Q S Z L T X N Z I L E S V E
A B N X P B O Y H O W D Y V I H F M
H I I N Z H M V W I N T J K E T T L
R E P P I G E H T R O F E N O N I W
H F M S A L G E Z Q V F U P S H Q I
D O U K I N O H J Q T K I Y O W I C
W V J S H I V E R M E T I M B E R S



@yoitsoro

Jake's Word Exploration

AY CHIHUAHUA FIDDLE FADDLE HOLY TOLEDO SHIVER ME TIMBERS

TALLY HO BOY HOWDY GADZOOKS SOCK IT TO ME

LAND SAKES ALIVE HELLO NURSE BY GUM

JUMPIN JEHO SAPHAT SHUCKY DARN WIN ONE FOR THE GIPPER

T L J N X L C X E L S N G P K B A F

Yoitscro

A H A T A O N Z X P *Jake* S V Y Y K I

L G T I wasn't just gonna not use these words. Plus I needed
some more happy Jakes. Erisol is here too because it'd
be a crime to leave him out.

L W A U D O E K N U V F U H S M Q D

Y H H D C S O S R L U M I A O O B L

H N P E Z L A G R R X H A D T T Y E

O G A T D O Z K L U U I E L N T U F

Q M S O N F O T E A N L F P G I I A

Q U O H I H G K H S O O E F F K Y D

Y S H X S E Q U S T A H L H T C L D

S T E K M P A D Y C Y L C L L O B L

R A J N Q S Z L T X N Z I L E S V E

A B N X P B O Y H O W D Y V I H F M

H I I N Z H M V W I N T J K E T T L

R E P P I G E H T R O F E N O N I W

H F M S A L G E Z Q V F U P S H Q I

D O U K I N O H J Q T K I Y O W I C

W V J S H I V E R M E T I M B E R S



CROCKERCORP CUPCAKES



INGREDIENTS

Betty Crocker Super Moist Cake Mix: Chocolate Fudge, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cup water/milk, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vegetable oil, 1 tablespoon vanilla extract/syrup, white sprinkles. For frosting: Betty Crocker Rich & Creamy Vanilla Frosting, red food coloring, powdered sugar

MATERIALS

bowl, rubber spatula, measuring cups, cupcake tins, cupcake pan

Estimated Time: 45 minutes

Estimated Amount: Enough.

CONSUME.

OBEY.

CONSUME.

Getting started:

1. Preheat oven to 350°F.
2. Mix eggs, water/milk, vanilla extract, and oil into an even blend.
3. Take this blend and mix with your cake mix for 2 minutes.
4. Place cupcake tins into a cupcake pan. Fill each tin with about $\frac{1}{3}$ of mixed ingredients using rubber spatula. Bake for 15-20 minutes.
5. After baking, stick toothpick through cupcakes. If it comes out clean then they are finished baking. Let cool before adding frosting.

OBEY.

How to color frosting:

(Note: If you wish to take the EASY route, go ahead and simply purchase some Betty Crocker Red Cake Icing, or hack it with some other branded Red Frosting. As a last resort.)

1. Place your vanilla frosting and food coloring in a bowl, then mix using the rubber spatula. The amount of food coloring depends on how intense you want your red, though 2 teaspoons (or 20-30 liquid drops) are recommended for 1 cup. If frosting becomes runny, add powdered sugar.
2. Mix until colors are blended evenly. Frost your cupcakes with a piping bag or spatula.

CONSUME.

Adding the sprinkles:

1. Add sprinkles.

CONGRATS! Now you're done and ready to CONSUME the most lip smacking, mouth watering treats on Earth C!

OBEY

CROCKERCORP CUPCAKES



INGREDIENTS

Betty Crocker Super Moist Cake Mix: Chocolate Fudge, 1¼ cup water/milk, 3 eggs, ½ cup vegetable oil, 1 tablespoon vanilla extract/syrup, white sprinkles. For frosting: Betty Crocker Rich & Creamy Vanilla Frosting, red food coloring, powdered sugar

MATERIALS

bowl, rubber spatula, measuring cups, cupcake tins, cupcake pan

Estimated Time: 45 minutes

Estimated Amount: Enough.

Yoitscro

Jane

I bought things for this just to see if it worked. Tip: Adding pink before your red food coloring will not enhance it, unless you

Getting started: want some happy accident Peixes cupcakes. Other than that this is a completely normal recipe.

1. Preheat oven to 350°F.
2. Mix eggs, water/milk, vanilla extract, and oil into an even blend.
3. Take this blend and mix with your cake mix for 2 minutes.
4. Place cupcake tins into a cupcake pan. Fill each tin with about ½ of mixed ingredients using rubber spatula. Bake for 15-20 minutes.
5. After baking, stick toothpick through cupcakes. If it comes out clean then they are finished baking. Let cool before adding frosting.

OBEY

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CONSUME

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1. Add sprinkles.

CONGRATS! Now you're done and ready to CONSUME the most lip smacking, mouth watering treats on Earth C!

OBEY





zonknuckle
Bro Strider

This is probably the first and last time
Bro would do anything as wimpass as
sleeping in front of Dave.

Genesis, by YoItsCro

You stare at the series of bubbles gathered like a party around you.

It's been a long time since you've toyed with what was the dream bubbles, generally sticking only to traveling in parts of the universe where your impact mattered. Here, it was only the past and present, twisted in paradoxical sludge that throw your powers a bit off, where time and it's balance was irrelevant. Though sometimes, you grow curious of your past; of a girl that fills you with discovered memories, sourness, maybe some sympathy. You occasionally visit these bubbles to remember where your motivations come from as your reflection stares back at you.

Casually, you prod at one, then some, with a touch of familiarity.

Tinkerbull buzzed like a fly around your head before you tiredly went off to find his son, telekinetics picking you up from the guild of treehives. Often you found the lusus to be as annoying as he was cute, though you didn't blame his anxiousness. The day would rise soon enough, and Rufioh had vanished beyond the brushes hours ago. It was your time find him (again) so your rebellious firefly didn't burn up like a worm on pavement.

You'd hope he wouldn't be dramatically woeful about it, even if he was bound to get grounded for staying out so dangerously late (again...). He hated feeling tied down, unable to flex his wings. Hell, you two didn't even have to go to sleep if he wanted. You both could sneak into your hive, stay up, and watch East Alternian flicks in your nerdy fort. Or connect your grubboys to play the fiduspawn game Mituna had gifted him a few perigrees ago.

Your seifuku catches on the wind during the search; pink trees provide decor, but no evidence on his whereabouts. It comes as a reminder that Rufioh did have his favorite spots however, and it's a quick thought to go check them out.

The common sense pays off; a familiar pair of amber wings reflect the soft light of a forest lamp below. Your naive smile at the sight of him slowly purses with confusion however, as you glide closer. Is that another troll that he's conversing with? You don't remember him mentioning he'd be tagging along with anyone tonight. What are they doing, standing so close?

"Rufioh?"

When you finally touch the grass some yards away, you call out to him in east alternian as your head lifts back up.

"Rufioh! I've been looking for...-!"

A blink. Burgundy eyes doubletake.

"...for...you..."

Words die off your lips as they stay gaped in alarm, frozen. The new angle and proximity tells you that Rufioh is not talking to this troll.

They were silently speaking through a kiss, before Rufioh turns swiftly around in his own startled shock, a noted 'pop' of lips leaving lips escaping his face. The intimidating indigo, having glanced at Rufioh in some confusion, was now staring over his shoulder at you with an annoyed glower. As if you had interrupted something richer and more important than the mortified discovery.

That twilight, you met Horuss.

"..."

"Oh shit!...Damz...?" Rufioh replies dumbly.

It was a sight, and had you been like any other obnoxious Weeaboo, you'd fluster at the sight of forbidden blue on bronze action. Though you are much more than that. At least you would tell yourself that, when no one else would.

You are Damara Megido, and just then, your quadrant died beneath the snowing sakura trees.

Everything after that, up to now, is a mosaic blur. Or at the very least everything was an intense awful, and clarity comes whenever you care to remember during times you can handle thinking of the past. Or when the bubble itself choose to work.

He broke it off? You broke it off? Regardless, you were the one who dealt with skin off the back. He looked more sheepish and guilty than he did reflective.

You cried. That isn't hard to forget. After walking away from the

situation with confusion came anger, then tears. Despite how much you continue to loathe yourself, you don't think that it's far fetched for someone as young as you were to lose it. To not understand; not wanting to feel for the sake of not wanting to question her own worth. Just for a moment.

About a perigee passes and you keep it a secret. As much as you could call it out, you don't. For one, he has a blueblood on his side; the idea of attempting to put that marinated dickhead in a state of ridicule was a dangerous one. Though you also have no one to tell anyways. This was school feeding drama, not an illegal gamble, and frankly you didn't have enough friends during the time to inform. Even less that would understand you. Care to understand.

Generally, only he did, and that... that made you compliantly bitter. Let alone taking your trust, he could take your concern and words to a grave buried beneath Beforus' largest cemetery. No one would fully understand your side.

Though as paradox space's luck would have it, he doesn't have to dissect anything when he spills the beans.

Regardless, the tyrian witch cackled.

--

One day, you dream of standing on heavy legs while standing on nothing at all. Being surrounded by a void of bleached nothingness. You didn't feel...entirely lost. This was memorable, this atmosphere, and yet you couldn't remember ever approaching it in the first place. Something of a six sense screams at you to abscond. To not fall to the coercing temptation of coated coaxing to stay. You taste salt and dry air. You hear nothing but the faint pulsing of your veins; the faint ticking of time as you look at your shaking hands. Angry emerald crackling at the edges of your sleepless vision as your palms seem to glitch and faze...in and out...smooth to callous...ash to charcoal...

White noise and screaming of the damned sends your pusher into a gallop.

You wake up.

--

The next night, you and your acquaintances play a game.

Courtesy of Meenah, the world crumbled, and twelve trolls decided that they wanted to live. At first, while alarmed at the idea that video games were real, you take the facts with consideration.

Everything was ending. You could feel the anxious aura of the dead around you, though they weren't as stirred as the ones in your dream; they were more coherent and of this plane.

You still felt miserable, sitting in your treehouse and shuffled into your pile of sobakawa pillows and littered ramune. According to the trollian group you'd been apart of, all of you needed to play in order to survive, which involved teaming up.

At the very least, offering to play with Mituna was an idea, finding him to be one of the more tolerable you'd come to know with time. Though he'd been paired up already with this jabbering candy red text. Rufioh never apologized, and you gladly watch as he pairs up with someone else. Meenah's violet spud of a friend had offered to take on the role of playing with the loud olive; you haven't talked to her all that much, and she was excitedly overbearing, but you'd take her over your results.

It was like digital flightball. You were all but picked first with Horuss somehow ending up as your last result among trolls that you barely knew, and some you barely liked. Death was a considerable alternative, as you'd casually been pondering what more you had to achieve on this foul planet during your adolescent moping.

Tempting, but not tempting enough to sabotage the both of you by leaving him on read once you spot the file name sent over.

SGRUB_BETA_V1(1).EXE

"..."

You stare hard at your husktop monitor. That name. It sends that weird feeling through your spine again. The familiarity. Cold, but burning. It's a bit distracting from your current shit you're dealing with, and honestly, a distraction is what you've been needing. At first you start to go to another tab, but your mind wanders back to it with intensity.

Deja vu is a bitch.

"...Tch."

Maybe another you out there decided that it'd be stupid to take the bait and click on it. To involve yourself in this versus giving yourself peaceful solitude. However, you are only 6. Hope is a disease that wrecks your body before your mind, and while you can play tough with as much time as you don't have, the idea of death for as much as you indulge with is something you would rather postpone.

You are Damara Megido, and with a click of the mouse, you enter

a second life.

--

You should have just died.

Meeting people online, offline, is worse than you expected.

Also, whoever thought that your group was the most well equipped to play this game must've known of a greater future, because this was a horrid set up.

At first everything seemed calm, especially on the first night; everyone met up with surprise and some casual greetings. You avoid talking to the obvious, though occasionally sneak peeks as your ex conversates with his new catch. They haven't acknowledged you either, visibly at least, and you don't know if you prefer it like that.

After some indescribable passage of time, "Kankri" spoke.

About how the way to win this was through vital teamwork, self responsibility, talking to the imps about sharing the space, yadda yadda. Half of the group didn't even seem to be paying attention; Mituna's tongue poked out with a furrowed annoyance of the brow, and his main squeeze, Latula you believe, was of similar expression behind her specs, choosing to yawn a bit instead. Although, the amusing bore wasn't so much a problem as it was a catalyst for Meenah to suddenly speak up.

"Okay, no. Just no. Nuh uh, I'm shuttin' all that carp down before you ramble off the deep end, Vantas."

"Excuse me? What are you talking about. I'm pretty sure this is basic sense when it comes to--"

"Anyways yeah so that's cute. But playin' nice with the "we come in peace" shit is gonna get us krilled. Let alone the fact that the lot of yall probubblely don't even know how to walk, let alone throw a punch."

Kankri is still glaring long after being interrupted, before relaxing his face and clearing his throat.

"Please, we are not going to get "krilled". However, if you insist on instigating fights versus compliant diffusing of an environment that we've treaded int--"

"You done?"

His mouth is still gaped like a fish mid sentence (much to Meenah's amusement, you note her smirk), before it falls into another stern scowl. It doesn't go away this time, and you notice that the space between them has dwindled. Everyone else is now starting to pay attention.

"I suggest you sharpen up your behavior, Meenah. That attitude is better off absent, and if what you claim to happen will happen through careless swabble, you will be the first to go."

Her lip twitched, just for a flash, but the grin forms with a rather satisfied chin up, "Well aint dat darin'. What's wrong? I'm just layin' it down how I sea it, Kankrill-"

"Do NOT call me that..."

Oh shit. This sure was absolutely happening right now.

"Pff, whatevs. You should be honored I even gave ya a cool name."

"I do not honor anything or any troll's quippy gifts when they're already set on a power high from their unchecked privilege being spoiled. Even those that try to hide that privilege, as a face of royalty, through playing victim and choosing to romanticize the idea of being oppressed by society and dragging others and an entire world into her problems."

Kankri spoke quickly, upset, and over the snort that Meenah almost let out before he continued. Eyes widening, and the spark behind them grew hostile. "Come again, basshole?"

"Oh. My. Gosh. Isn't this just romantic???"

You jump a bit and turn. Kankri and Meenah sneer in each other's faces as Porrim finally steps in to mediate, Meulin having ended up next to you. She is clasping her hands together in a way that doesn't make the situation seem any more controlled. Her voice is a little too loud, but no one seems to be paying mind amongst the current discourse.

"This has GOT to be the rawrest form of pitchforking I've seen! The air is absolutely choking on such black tension!!" she turns her head to you, "Wouldn't mew agree? Purlease tell me I'm not the only one seeing the chemistry here!!"

Well, that's one way to read the room. Startled, you fluster a bit, not use to talking to others outside of weeaboos and Rufioh. So you don't, looking at your shoes instead for help. When she asks if you are okay, you nod with a bit of a shy smile.

"Well that's good! Don't worry if you're not the talkative type; Purrloz isn't either! Even if he has a lot to say, teehee, right Purrloz??"

She turns to her right, and you tilt a bit to look over as well-Holy shit.

Has this guy always been here? How did you just notice his presence?

From across Meulin, Kurloz looks back at you with a crafted, threaded smile, and waves.

You wave back, hesitant. It's tempting to gesture it in a way that's as if you greeted him prior to now, but you resist the awkward hiccup.

He continues to smile and stand stalk like a scarecrow, and you glance for a moment more before turning away, letting Meulin ramble on about the scene (which Kurloz responds to with a huff through his nose and a dismissive wave of rejection, earning a whine from the olive).

An annoyed Porrim is pulling back a chittering Kankri, and Cronus copies the same manner, though Meenah snarls at him before he even grazes her arm, the wannabe wizard backing off with his hands up and a nervous chuckle. Aranea tries to ease her with a distant, verbal reassurance, though obviously not getting too close.

It was amazing really, how sudden she wanted to yank the leadership role away and steal it as some means of righter authority. Looks like the runaway princess still wanted to wear her crown after all.

You snort to yourself.

That shouldn't have raised much suspicion, it really shouldn't have, but Meenah's head snaps around to look at the culprit, and you freeze.

"And waterever is so fuckin' funny, Megido, was it?"

Shit.

"Ah..."

Your tongue is tied as she approaches slowly, the group staring. A few looked as if they were wanting to interfere, but didn't. Some simply watched the show as you stood in place, hands to your sides and quiet as she stopped in front of you.

"Nah, tell me. I'm shore you're getting a kick out of things over here."

"Meenah, please. That's enough. Let's not carry things over into some befuddling round two. It's uncalled for..."

"I mean like, okay Maryam, I'll find some chill. After this tho; I aint keen on gettin' slighted by two different shades of red you know?"

"Oh please, this wouldn't have even started if--"

"Clam it, /Kanny/."

Porrim covers Kankri's mouth before he can start losing his cool again, and Meenah looks as if she's thinking something over in the middle of her irritation, though smiles some soon after.

"So. Ruf's told me aboat you. Didn't think we'd be meeting so soon but them's the breaks."

She clicks her tongue, and eventually she slacks a bit in posture. Now knowing she doesn't have to waste her anger. She almost looks amused at you.

"Gotta say I was expectin' a bit more in person. Though sometides the guy likes to just go off wit sayin' whatever. I guess there's a reason youar just chums now."

Oh.

The comment makes your pusher sink to you shoes, a short spark of anger, before struggling to find leverage in your nervous voice, and she sees it clear as moonlight.

Hook, line, and sinker; this was your undoing. Giving her that single moment of weakness to let her know where to dig her claws in the next time. And the next time. And the next. The comment is muttered enough so it doesn't reach too far, and you stare past her in Rufioh's direction. He looks a little mortified, but isn't exactly speaking up on the intimidating scenario in your defense. Horuss is standing next to him, arms crossed as if he has better planets to be on, but you catch the curiosity of his eyes at the right glare of his

goggles.

"I...I don't mean any harm," you said, "I'm just...standing here. Honest."

"Dunno what you just said, but that's coo'".

Your lips twitch, but you go silent after that. Meenah doesn't seem as mad luckily, but her words didn't make the feeling much better as she finally turns from you like a satisfied lion. It doesn't need to be said with some cliché, but she's bookmarked you for sweeps to come.

Soon she starts going off on the group about something; probably a parallel to Kankri's previous speech about things ought to go. You don't know, not really paying attention anymore. Face flushed, your shoes stared back at you.

--

You were still miserable.

You still take time to yourself when you're not focused on the game. Thinking. You are not stuck in the past, but it follows you in the form of bronze.

Rufioh has started to talk to you again, much to your surprise. Though it's not to apologize, still. Mostly to talk about the hardships of the situation at hand or casual updates on what he'd been doing. Amazingly, Horuss was brought up at least twice.

That makes you steamed, from such ignorance. That he's just here to...talk? Like nothing happened? You despise it. You despise him?

Yet.

You feel it from him. The attempt to make things better, in his own Rufioh way. It's almost as if he wants to rekindle something with you, and a small, selfish, stupid part of you is thankful. For him to break the silence that drifted for a few perigees now. If he didn't care still, then he wouldn't have bothered to message you, right?

Your replies became less short after, and you feel clarity, for a moment.

Eventually he had to go. Horuss needed him for something. You say it's fine.

AT: tight...thanks for being here to chat , doll. I missed being able to talk like this with you...hah, bangarang. but uh, yeah, I'll talk to you later."

Saying goodbye, you close the palnhusk app, staring for a moment before you use your telekinesis to rest it to the coonside table some feet away.

Your pan feels cloudy.

--

After a sweep, Meenah bakes a cake. A celebration of what you all had rather been slacking on.

Despite the tension that had mostly come from her end, everyone saw it as a break. A timeout from everything going on and a chance to just remember when it was like to live. For a moment, you untense your shoulders as well as your fork carves through a slice with new gusto. It's white and pink with icing, littered with white, glittering sprinkles.

Amongst the chatter, you're quiet. Conversation, you, and your session mates never really fell into the same sentence. Rufioh doesn't talk to you tonight, but that's fine. You both seemed to have a knack for only conversing online now. It'd only make sense that he'd wish to hang out with the horse in a way to get him to chill out more than he didn't. You came to find out over observance alone that Horuss was rather stoic.

Rufioh laughs sheepishly as he attempts to offer Horuss some cake on a spoon, much to the guys muttering, but acceptance. The blueblood's hand shudders some with a cautious hold on Rufioh's.

You can't help but watch.

It's hard to remember Rufioh's warmth, when you use to hold hands.

You wonder if he's already forgot.

--

Break time was over.

Another sweep, two maybe. It doesn't really matter, though this game is getting rather long.

Everything started out as small little knicks and pokes, insults to get an amusing rise, but Meenah started to stab into the emotional weaknesses of her "friends", going from comments about Kurloz's silence, to passive aggressive insults to toward Latula's inability to smell. Porrim was told through the grapevine that Aranea said she was easy, and Aranea, horrified and blue in the face, pled against such accusations as quickly as she could.

Perigrees after that, last week, Meenah literally attempted to gut Meulin, when Kurloz wasn't around to loom.

At least you can only assume, as she brought out her trident in vague threat to Meulin's squawking about something obnoxious, from what you heard. Though surely she was merely egging her before Aranea got in between things with her "nerdy babbling" to ease her friend. God, she was such a suck up.

What was once an intimidating habit was starting to piss a few of you off. Even the imps didn't bother attempting to attack anymore since you all seemed close to killing each other instead. This was so normal now.

Never to you, however.

Obviously you'd gotten your fair share of insults, unable to defend yourself properly with a language barrier that she used to her advantage, but that's just what they were. Insults; nothing more. Nothing that could change the past. And yet they still hurt. They served as a reminder of your failure.

The failure of making your partner happy. Your inability for self serving purpose; that you'd chosen to continue this path instead of going out with Beforus. It still hurt.

Rufioh said nothing when it was made more obvious who Meenah was using as fuel against you. He looked like he wanted to jump in occasionally, but the cowardice didn't seem to be approaching anytime soon. Maybe Meenah's insults of you, at you, started to make him wonder if talking was even a thing he should do. If his decision for a better lover was the right one. That that blue buffoon had much more to offer.

No, absolutely not. There's still hope that both of you can have /something/, and you don't need her ruining that.

Fuck that. Fuck her.

You find your brows growing more furrowed than knitted each time

she
turns her back to you.

Yesterday, at your group's training hub, she grilled Ampora rather hard about his fancy fake magic; about how serpents of green were just old beforan mythos, and that he needed to grow up. That he wasn't climbing up the echeladder or her quadrants any faster by talking for the fifth time about it. While you find him snotty, that first part makes some empathetic blood boil for a split moment, but you unclench your fist.

Soon, she snapped his wand in half.

Only Kankri and you bore witness to this alarming situation. Cronus, with Kankri in tow from a previous conversation, came up to you in the first place when he saw you practicing with your own pair. Naturally it intrigued him and he attempted to find out more for his whimsy. More so talking about himself, but still, it wasn't surprising that it happened. None of it was.

Meenah saw it as the perfect bait.

He's silent. You hear the shaky huff of faux confidence that does nothing to mask Cronus' shiver, giving his obvious crush a wide, glassed stare before he takes a few steps back, running to the nearest transportilizer.

Kankri loses his shit.

This was much more intense than the first time. He's nearly spitting at her without his jade leash, and Meenah eats it up as she spits back. This is getting a little intense, though you are a bit intrigued and watch longer than you should. What's holding him back from just hitting her...? Slapping her lipstick against her own cheek? The imagery alone makes you feel high, and you don't find it to be a fail of his character if he rightfully snaps. He would be the bigger person in the end. She deserved it.

Though right now, you have a choice. There's no crowd, and you don't want any blood on the battlefield right now.

You mediate as best as you can. Obviously it doesn't work, and aside from Kankri's glower, Meenah rounds on you again with her smack talk. You expected it, and your pusher is leaping. Had you been listening you may have caught something about your romantic life, your hair, whatever. Instead, you look like you were listening as you only stare, directly through her cackling words as you fixate more actively

on the twitch of your fingers. You watch her lips and note that she hasn't sealed them today. How easy it would be to smear fuchsia.

What was holding you back?

--

The ticking of clockwork soothes you during a trip to clear your thinkpan, toward a pond on your quartz planet where you commonly come to contemplate. A wake of crystal shards from past venting guides you to your usual spot as you float down and sit, grass tickling your skirt as you stare at your reflection for a moment.

"...Wow..."

There are tears, but no sobbing as you swear a bit and wipe them away. You will not cry like a wriggler right now, and especially because you are not mad.

Something good has happened, you think, and you are simply overwhelmed!

Meenah talked to you. As in, like a normal person. About how things have been a little wavy between the two of you, and how she wanted to set things straight. She mentioned that she caught the date of your wriggling day from your trollian profile information, and that she wanted to throw you a party and have an excuse to make a cake anyways. It's been a whale, er, while, and it would give everyone a bit of fun before they got back to work on this whole game business.

Was this actually happening? Well, it seemed like it because you said yes, and she nodded, understanding you. It's safe to say that you'll give Meenah credit; she does make a pretty mean batch of baked goods.

A genuine smile forms, and you gaze at yourself; being so out of your element is a rather silly sight. With a titter, you casually prod at the water with a touch of familiarity. The ripples quake and reflect with flashing, cold colors.

--

Your name is Damara Megido, and as was previously mentioned, it is now your ninth wriggling day, which for once is worth mentioning.

Admittedly, you were nervous; it's been so long since you've celebrated your hatching, and never before with this group. However, there was a first time for everything.

Rufioh was to be your escort, based on Meenah's instructions. You kind of wish he wasn't the one to lead you to the destination of the party, but you get it. He was your best form of communication, and after some awkward greetings, you both head out. It's at least considerate of the stars that Horuss isn't glued to his side for once, as you can't imagine the complaints of him having to help lead a "horse-toned commoner" to water.

You know what? Let's not think about Horuss right now. This isn't about him. This is about YOU. Your journey, the destination; the celebration that you were here, and people cared enough to show you a single day of appreciation.

What games would you all play? How would the cake taste, and how would the party favors make you smile? Maybe you all could end the day with one of your favorite movies, like an OVA of Pretty Seadweller's Crescent Guardian-

"Hm? What is this for?"

"Meenah told me; uh, I guess it's for that party element of surprise I think..." Rufioh suggests as he gently evens out the blind-fold over your eyes.

Well, it does make sense.

"Hang on tight for me, doll, okay?"

Nodding, an arm is fixed behind his neck as his gloved hand rests against your side; you are wearing a special, alchemized outfit tonight. It's red and decorative, the ruffled length of the skirt brushing your knees. Elongated pins balance your brushed hair bun.

Soon you're being carried in blind flight, away from your detached treehive.

There wasn't much said during, not much to be said, and to make up for the lack of visuals, your mind wanders to his current hold on you. He's not that far off in temperature, but you note the warmth. A protective hold as you put your faith, trust ("and pixie dust") into him, to keep you from plummeting.

You were going to miss this.

--

"Damn...that's cold. We both got real good..."

You'd been standing for a good bit after the both of you landed, Rufioh asking you to wait as he checked something. Though his muttering

only withered your patience as you finally remove the blindfold, frowning as you look around, then going a bit wide eyed. Instead of a sugary aroma, a roaming pack of your friends, or even Meenah's overbearing color in some decor, you face the training grounds again. A pitstop...?

Wings audibly flutter, and soon he's typing at his palnhusk again. You can feel your sylladex buzzing, and grew anxiousness. Are you perhaps lost?

"Nah like, I could scope with both my eyes closed...! But like...? I think getting lost was...the point? Damn Meenah, that's intense..."

...Wait, what...?

With a trained quickness, your device pops out, and you open up to the same memo populated with responses.

There's resistance. Maybe you oughta not do this? Your life would've been so much better, if you'd listen. Sadly, morbid curiosity cramps your belly like a gluttonous hunger, and you start to focus on the words.

GA: I do+n't recall anything being sent to+ me.

AG: Indeed! Meenah and I actually scheduled in advance to spend the night on my planet for some casual girl time. There's 8een nothing 8rought up in recent memory about invitations.

You scroll.

GC: y34h 11k3! 1 tot3s would'v3 us3d 4n 3xcus3 for grubbln on som3 m34n 4ss sn4cks by m34n b34n p31! 144444m3.

GC: who w4s host1ng som3 slck crunk1n' 4nd d1dn't 1nv1t3 y4 gurl?

AT: meenah d1d! uh, 1 guess...?

TA: 5NR7!! COMMON 53N53 70 N17R4M? D0 YOU COPY? 1 7H1NK 4 F3W 5CR0LL5 UP M4D3 17 CL34R Y0UV3 833N M4J0R PR4NK3D!!

CC: yeah ruf i thought it was kind of obvious to yeet outta there

CC: i dont waste my cake unless we got some legit shit to celebait

CC: like

CC: them dirty dusty ass training grounds foar a party get up reely?

CC: stfu wit that shit

CC: does she know already

CC: aquawaaaard

CC: couldve just left her there so you didnt ruin my sick humpback for later

CC: btw in case you didnt catch it i meant comeback you kind of seem like you need a crutch rn

GA: Meenah? Did yo+u serio+usly just...make her walk all the way o+ut there fo+r no+thing?

CA: this is as vwicked as your cunning side is attractivwe.

CC: look I KNOW its bad also but its cool too and stfu cronus

CC: foar one thing rufiyos there so she aint walking i know yall bitches can fly

CC: second

CC: megidull just needed to have someone sho her a good laugh

CC: sides dont start eelin like ur suddenly rememberin shit dis probably the only time yall gunna notice shes even here

GA: I wo+uldn't put wo+rds in o+ur mo+uths like that...

AG: Agh. Well, I'm not saying is Meenah fairly correct with her actions, 8ut she does make a point. I never lose track of important information like this, for archival purposes, 8ut this just so happened to slip my mind. I can't speak for the rest of you.

CC: like if any of yall fools actually remembered tonite raise your hands like im waitin

CC:

CC: exactly yall can thank me later for lettin ya know

You haven't touched this memo in so long that they all probably forgot to check if you were active.

Except her. You can feel the text smiling.

She always knew what was going on. What she was doing.

She always knew and you didn't and you were so fucking stupid, you were so stupid, of course this was planned. Of course, it was spelled out for you. Why did you believe her? Why are you so childishly dense?

Your face is red. You feel like you're on a stage and the crowd needn't

be visible to be judging your clownish performance. Shaky hands are threatening to drop the device against the rocky ground and you want to punch her. You actually want to. For once you miss Meenah's presence because the lack of it steals proximity to reach and rip off her scalp.

"Bitch..."

This is not fair.

"Bitch...!"

Never did anything to her.

"Stupid, stupid, nasty, awful bitch...!" There's an easy stammer to be heard in your voice. You raise your arm, palm's quivering before Rufioh can attempt to ease your foul mouth.

"Bitch, bitchiest of BITCH, BITCH OF A BITCH, STUPID. NASTY. AWFUL. CUNT."

You want her to feel just as bad.

With a scream, the red electronic goes smashing into the ground with a sharp scrape and shattering of glass, angry shards and plastic dancing away as you heave in their wake.

You're done!

You can't do this anymore.

Frozen in place, huffing in quick successions, eyes glide over the floor before things start to sink in.

Nobody was coming. There was no planned party. Because even if there was, none of them would've cared to remember you, even with the sweeps of publicized ridicule from Her Highness. They were all probably getting in on the joke and laughing right now, you know it. Jabs and shanks were now knicks and pokes.

Deep breaths attempt to ease the throbbing in your head; your face is still flushed, tear glands bubbling, but not wanting to waste on the likes of them. Everything feels like a burning, hollowed

numbness you out. Your veins are pulsing with the licks of your hair rising slowly with kinetic tension, like a bustling purrbeast's tail.

It all dips when Rufioh, despite his hesitation, is bold enough to touch your shoulder. The loud silence simmers down instantly, almost like he had expelled an invading poltergeist from your bones, and for a moment, you calm.

Numb as your breathing shakily attempts to steady, head tempted to tilt to look behind yourself at him, for help.

Just this once.

You wait for him to talk, before facing anything.

You feel him staring, looking over the situation with those warm, filled eyes of his. Noting the way your fist clenches some, you can feel how he almost wants to pull his hand away in reflex. His mouth opens and closes audibly enough for you to hear, and his wings flicker with the passing beat.

Finally, his hand leaves you, and he speaks while scratching the back of his head.

"Aah, I mean, shoot...you know, Meenah's just messing around. It's been hard for everyone around here and like, I'm sure she was just meaning for things to be funny. I mean...it sort of was. But like, not in some vicious way! Just... funny how things happen. Just kind of dope that she got people thinking about you really. That's something to see outside of uh...damn, there's nothing around here to see but...shoot, you know, it's just a funny prank? Nothing to get crazy over...

He glances at the back of your head, pursing his lips before he continues, a little frustrated at himself, but also at a situation he'd rather avoid entirely.

"I...I don't know Damz. I'm sure Meenah still made some bomb cake, and that we can all laugh about it and just start crud over the next night. So just...maybe if you could just...lighten up a little, haha? Maybe just smile about things for once, doll...?"

You stare ahead. Not at him, but at those digestible words. With how raw the situation unfolded, everything suddenly sounded clearer. his voice was so crisp. His side was easy to see and your ducts, as clogged as your constipated pusher, were finally about to hear the clarity in his choice.

Rufioh has been dead.

The ghost of his comforting touch lingers, and it finally clicks. He's long since been replaced by a cowardly tool that adapted to his own situations, and thought that still dragging you around with some unapologetic friendship was a half compromise for his betrayal. That it was enough to keep you tied.

Duh.

After a moment of silence, you scoff once. Twice, into more of a brief chuckle. Yeah, you guess it worked. All these little games worked so thoroughly on you; finally, you can see that, and finally, you admit defeat.

This game is over.

"...Right."

He perks in surprise as you turn to him, expression lidded with fatigue, and smile.

It is now your turn.

--

"Yeah, I was tryin' to figure out what was moar amusing. At first I thought of throwin' an actual party and just dumpin' a bucket of bronze in her hair. Food colored of coralrse. But then I thought eh, too much set up."

"I see..."

Aranea sips her tea as Meenah glugged on whatever sugary soda she'd been injesting. The treasured planet sparkled as they two sat upon a field of tropical trees, upon the throne of an overlooking hive balcony that had a deep blue, depending on your angle.

"Meenah, are you sure this was a smart choice? It was an awfully cold one that we should probably make up for right afterwards. I mean, at least you should. I have nothing to do with this".

Meenah snorts, giving her friend a quirked look. It's very obvious that despite her next comment, she has no intentions of feeling sorry for the greater good.

"I mean, sure. Maybe later like? Its nothing personal. You know how I work serket city. I just gotta get everyone riled up for when

we gotta face real shit."

"Yes, I'm sure. Though I do feel as if things have been treading grounds better left alone. I think at this point we should start focusing on grist; maybe seeing if the imps are of any challenge again."

"If any of yall wanna break a nail than shore, but I can barely get anyone to get a headstart on alchemizing weapons we needs. Let alone being motivated to take their anger out on some stumpy nerds. That's why this shit be poppin'."

"Alright alright, I hear. Heh...I suppose it is rather amusing. That this game hasn't attempted to try giving us any challenges upon are struggles in ability to move forward."

"Yeah, ship sucks."

Both trolls both take a moment to watch the horizon in front of where they sit, occasional sips and slurps depending on who you ask. After a minute, the midblood speaks up again.

"Hey--"

Rufioh's bruised body slaps against the stone blocks a few feet behind with a solid thud, and upon a jumpy discovery, they both shriek.

"What in the clam shell!?"

"Ow...can't...my w-wings..uurgh..."

There's a pregnant pause as he groans back to unconsciousness, making Meenah release baited breath, before they both decided to finally look above him, at you.

"Fuck you."

"..."

"..."

You hate wasting time. Gracious enough, you let them gawk for at least two seconds more before lifting a paranormal hand. Aranea is brushed off the balcony ledge, considering she's the last person you're focused on.

"**ARANEA!**" Meenah bolts over to attempt catching the wailing

Serket; they only get a high five in before she falls into the high trees below, vanishing more than a couple stories down as they shake ominously.

After assuming the worst Peixes turns around in full to you, sneering venomously. You don't give her the satisfaction of a come-back however, as a 2x3 stick of gold slips from her sylladex. You're quick to yank it to the ground, simultaneously yanking her up by the neck. Meenah chokes and you don't have much effort in pulling her so your nose to nose.

She barks out a few curses, and looks you in the eye as you stare each other down.

"This is what you wanted?"

She doesn't hear you, she doesn't get you, but she at least reads your eyes at the right time.

They're flashing.

A monkey's paw raked through the air, and Meenah, realizing this, looks shell-shocked, before finally getting mad. MAD mad. Not an inch of snark to be found as she realizes that your anger isn't the one she entailed.

It is not the one she can control any longer.

This game is sabotage.

"Something interestin' after all, at least."

"Fuck you."

"What was that?"

Her trident shudders with a velvet aura. Bringing her close, lifting her chin up condescendingly as she snarls as your gaze stays on those angry, pink lips of hers, you repeat yourself. Your claws dig uncomfortably through your poisonous translation.

"Fu. Uck. You."

--

Your breath runs ragged as you limp away from a crime scene, kissing the ground with coral footsteps. There were clear signs of a struggle, a well earned stretch of your bones. Yet, you are calm; even as you can catch Aranea's shriek behind you at the sight of a

corpse, the scent of rusty copper in the air, your gaze continues to peer ahead as you recover.

This was the climax of your troubles. Nothing will take this moment away from you.

Of course you knew that there could, would, be ways to revive the fallen Peixes. If you were cruel (and considering how much she'd riled you, you're damn gracious is what you are), then you ought to have vaporized her corpse to an unreplenishable state of ashes. Instead you allow the edges of your mouth to curl at Aranea's panic. There needs to be no further compensation of you standing a higher ground through abolishing Meenah's existence completely; you'd proven your point, and you'd prove it again.

That, and hearing the cerulean toady bumbling from her best friend's body behind leaves you voyeuristic.

You are not cruel. *You are crueler.*

--

That's enough.

Opening your eyes and sighing softly to yourself, you pull out of the memory in a teleporter's escape. Seems you'd gotten lost in a marathon run again, as cathartic as it is. Though you're still on a business trip.

You've gone through the other memories plenty of times to not feel like you're missing anything as you leave. It was rather a mess, be it snapping Horuss' neck, bleeding out after your fight with Meenah, and eviscerating the session through time travel that you'd pick up after your younger self survived; courtesy of the mime dragging you to the questbed. Happy Wriggling Day, you motherfucking owe a brother. Honk. Something like that. Creepy asshole.

In the end you didn't actually owe him shit, because you gladly accepted his teamwork, much to the Prince of Rage's delight. You weren't apart of his whole religion shit, and barely knew anything about him. You just knew The Scratch meant that if you were to go down, through your less than acceptable rampage, you were taking everyone with you.

Maybe if you didn't do that, business trips wouldn't have to be your live anymore. You wouldn't have to deal with cue balls, pool balls, more white noise.

Yet while you do you can at least vent; through your duties of warping the fate of your friends.

Rufioh started a revolution. One that he lost. You felt a little bad since he'd finally stopped pussyfooting around, an accomplishment you wish to have happened sooner. You could've stepped in and made Alternia not so bad for him, when having enough moments passing to think things over. Then, he found achievement, freedom, new love. You, as petty as may be, did not like that.

Instead, you interrogate Alternia to eventually kill him; courtesy of Meenah's rule. You've done better at this whole dangerous enabling bit than she ever did, now that you think about it. Her only benefit was that you were able to take the job from her.

Kurloz seemed to be having a blast on this stepping stone to his greater mirths, at least compared to everyone else. Some of your friends were caught in the crossfire as much as they were caught as bystanders in their previous lives. Kankri probably had enough to live for, enough to say, but the benefit was Horuss' isolation, so you're fine with a bit of charity. Poor Meulin, Porrim, and Mituna, at least? Sure.

Continuously, Meenah executing such punishments and fate surprise you none. She was always weaseling her way into things.

You knew that eventually the blood trail would lead back to you. You can feel it. You've already dealt it. You are your own paradoxical sludge, never to truly escape His grasp. That would be too easy. Paradox Space had never, will never play fair.

But that was fine, because while you'd never escape the hellhole that was karma, a mansion, and your business trips on loop, in the end you'd always be rewarded with reliving the fantasy you crafted into reality.

In the end, you and the Batterbitch would fight, and one way or another, you'd win again.

You smile.

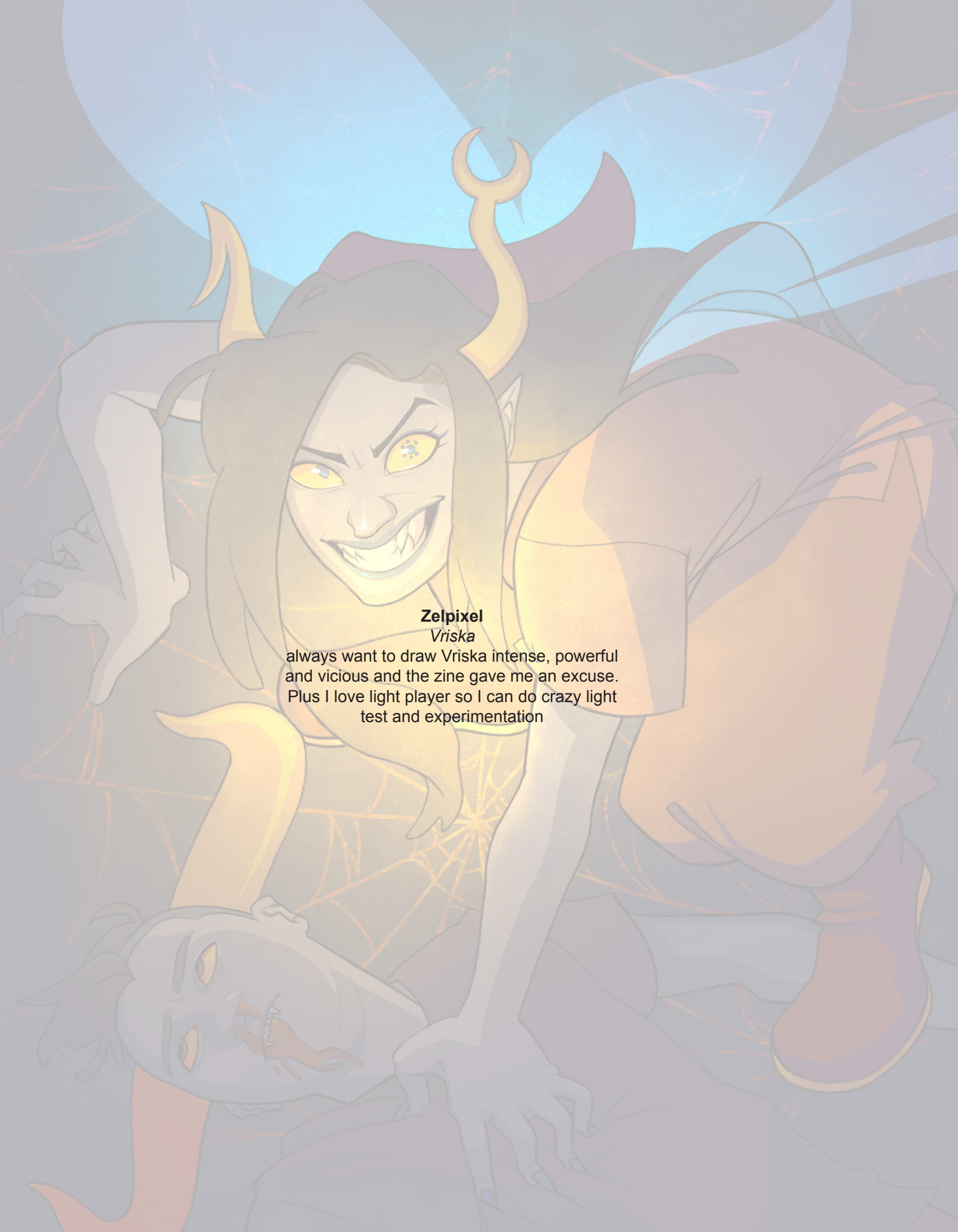
Yoitscro
Damara

If Troll Scott Pilgrim and Troll Carrie White met, the universe would implode.

This went way off the rail. More than 7k words of angst, bullying, and the eventual downfall of our protagonist, along with some playful connections to alternate selves and what a Witch of Time may be able to tap into, given her circumstances.

I basically love giving the dancestors character, and Damara could've been so much more than what she is. So I decided to give her the ability to be a character and not a caricature, as best as I could, filled to the brim of headcanons I've been saving for months, and my best at trying to feature the entire cast while I can.



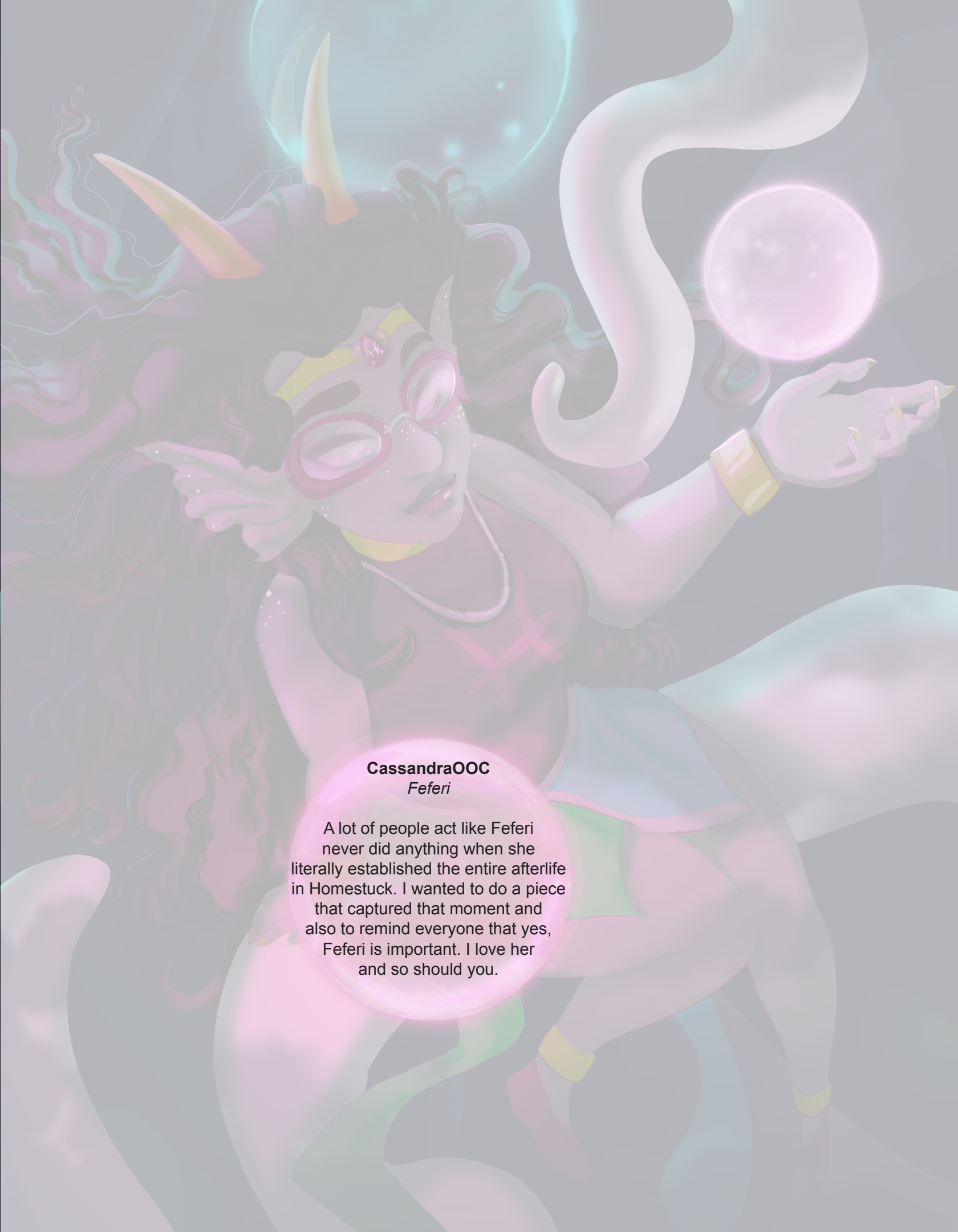


Zelpixel
Vriska

always want to draw Vriska intense, powerful
and vicious and the zine gave me an excuse.
Plus I love light player so I can do crazy light
test and experimentation







CassandraOOC
Feferi

A lot of people act like Feferi never did anything when she literally established the entire afterlife in Homestuck. I wanted to do a piece that captured that moment and also to remind everyone that yes, Feferi is important. I love her and so should you.













CassandraOOC
Scratch Etc

Scratch Etc, by which I mean 'haha what do you mean pick one character how about I do all of the characters in the Zine because I desperately love every character in homestuck?' Hussie and the Tricksters aren't on there, which mostly boiled down to a timing issue. (Originally, I was hoping to make it look like Hussie's face was reflected, and sprinkle the Tricksters in, but unfortunately summer tends to be my busiest time.)

THIS BAD BUDDY CAN FIT SO
MUCH TRASH IN IT



Thanks for Reading!